

# ROLLERDERBY

No. 17

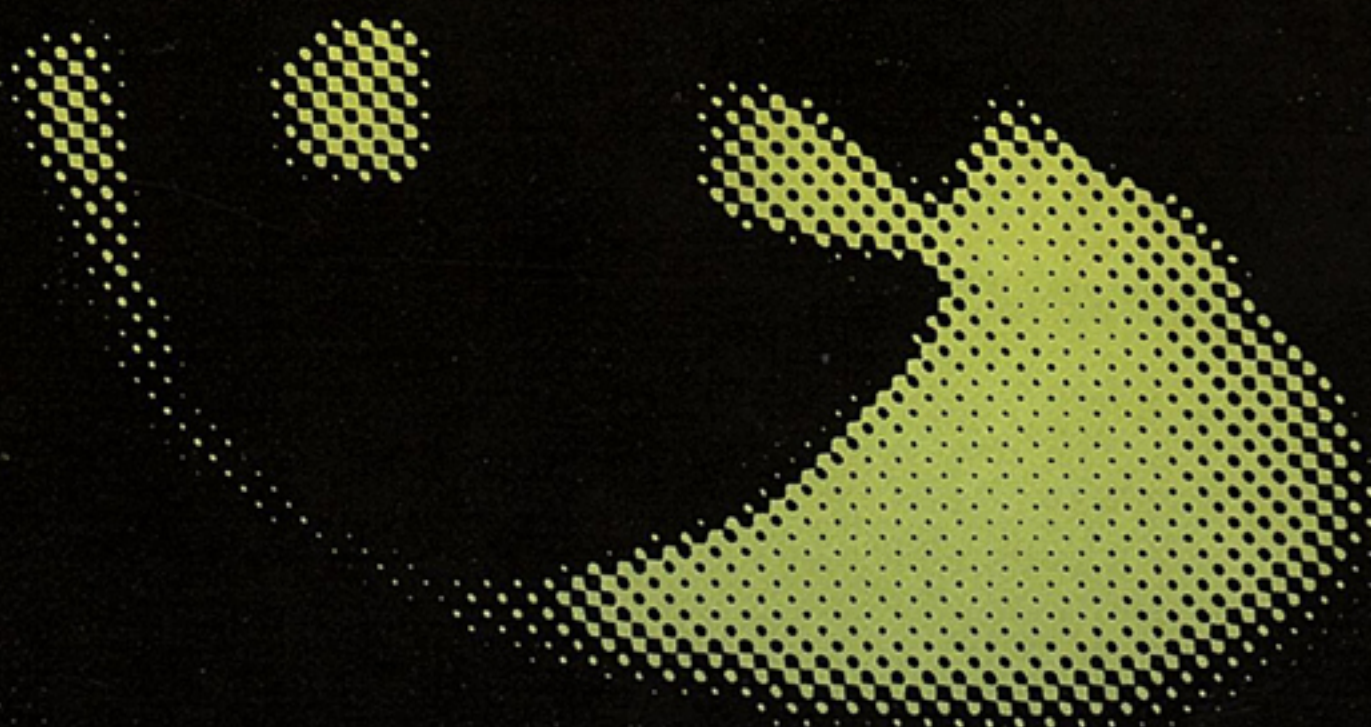
Summer 1995

\$3



Dame Darcy    Ozzy    Pavement?  
Mary Lou Lord    Harvey Sid Fisher  
Little House on the Prairie    Tiny  
Tim & Vladimir Zhirinovsky





JMAG

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**RD16: SOLD OUT**

**RD15:** Girls + Horses--The Romance; the birth of Generation L; baby Wolfgang in the belly; Jim Spagg--old man nude dancer; sadistic hairdresser Elba; killer bears sexy daydreams; Dame Darcy's action-packed bank robbery story, illustrated; Cindy Dall incest photos; world pork expo. \$3

**RD14:** Cindy Dall as cheerleader; found love letters; Fabio's love; sadistic hairdresser Millie; 16-year-old Ginger Makela's virginity loss; Liz Phair. \$3

**RD13:** Dame Darcy romantic color cover; found teen letters concerning love, sex and fights in the school yard; Kathleen Hanna/Allison Wolfe/Lisa Carver racism debate; Dame Darcy goes to Disneyland with her family; Jim Goad epilepsy article; sexy diabetics; The Coctails; Smog; Cindy Dall for sale; "Why I Want To Rape Olivia Newton-John"; interviews with Cindy Dall, Boyd Rice and Buddy Max; M. Vishmidt's Lou Barlow dream. \$3

**RD12:** Cindy Dall violent fantasy photos; interviews about body with Lydia Lunch, Mary Ellen Carver, Courtney Love, Christy Vanoostendorp, Kim Gordon and Ian Christie; our beer-drinking, fight-loving neighbors Jim, Rocky, Jack, Randy and King Tough Guy; the Heavenly Ten Stems; The Strangled Beatoffs. \$3

**RD11:** Cindy Dall as bunny fairy; Combustible Edison; Barry Manilow; bathroom secrets from San Francisco socialites; Darcy's nightmare night; cat reviews; Khiron, Lisa, Darcy argue about reality and how to best get what you want; the neighbors invite us to a birthing. \$3

**RD10:** Bill Callahan illustrated cover; Seymour Glass, Lisa Carver, Bill Callahan and Dame Darcy tell about adventures with the neighbors;

Royal Trux; Ford; Harvey Stafford on *Alarma!*; Japan and his girlfriend who wanted to be raped. \$2.50

**RD9:** Jean-Louis Costes on his 13-year-old girlfriend Darling, being hated, and hating Dame Darcy; Jaina Davis on pop stars, Prague, being an heiress and her really weird family; turn-on's of the *Rollerderby* staff; Rebecca Odes' and Vicky Wheeler's Dunkin Donuts diet tips; diary of a love triangle by a vixen; Peter Bagge back cover. \$2.50

**RD8, 7, 6: SOLD OUT**

**RD5:** The most beautiful woman in the world--Amantha; S&M letters; GG Allin and Alex Chilton gossip; readers' poll results--most embarrassing drunk story, cruelest act you've ever committed, etc.; Richard Rand, 1963 New Hampshire Soap Box Champ; Lisa Carver's suicide tales; Bill Callahan big snake picture; Eye Yamatsuka. \$2.50

**RD4:** My cat Cheetah; supermodels; dirty letters; Vicky Wheeler gossips about pest Brian Berger, Royal Trux, her six cats, Lydia Zamm and GG Allin; Bill Callahan comics; old weird man Sam Esh; sexy devils Gorbachev, Burroughs and Sonic Boom; Lisa's prostitution tales. \$2.50

**RD2/3:** Dirty letters; lingerie reviews; supermodels; Boss Hog; Cop Shoot Cop; record cover reviews; Glen Meadmore and Vaginal Creme Davis; Psycodrama; Royal Trux; Bee Gees; Sebadoh; Lisa Suckdog's childhood sexual experiences. \$2.50

**Generation L Magazine:** Quiz--How L Are You?; the four types of Gen X; win a date with a millionaire in Italy; how to tie a cherry stem in a knot with your tongue; Darcy's makeup tips; how to make your love interest desire your company above all others; X to L makeover. \$2.50

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**Suckdog Little Flowers Dying cassette:** depressing. \$5

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## Welcome to Rollerderby 17 - the love and violence issue.

Actually, every issue of Rollerderby is the love and violence issue, so if you like this one, please buy more. RD17 completed 4 May 1995.

♥ your editor  
Lisa Crystal Carver





# VERY INFORMATIVE LETTERS



Dear Lisa,

Received your Picture & it's up on the Wall in Cowboy Junction Music Show Hall among the Famous. And you are Pretty. & I wrote a Song. *They Call You Lisa*. When I get it recorded I'll send you a copy.

Well I finally figured it out. So you Roll your hair up in Curlers & you have the Derby & the Winners are...??

Anyway I looked at all the Pretty ladies in that little [Rollerderby] Calendar & saw all their Hair-do's & we talked about them all & discussed it the best we could.


I will close for now. And remember I got a Hair-do also. Both on my Head & Beard. & of course the Mustache. You Women can't beat that.

-Buddy Max

*Buddy Max--dee jay, bee keeper, taxidermist, fighter of corruption, family man, kind soul, and star of Rollerderby 13--has recorded quite possibly the most unique songs in the history of country and western. His address is Hwy 44 & 490, Lecanto, FL 32661. Send him \$8 for a sample album--soon you'll want to collect all 12!*

Hey Lisa,

Thanks for the fuggin hair calendar. Hair is awesome. There's this dame at work--best hair on the fucking planet. She's part of the "Aquanet team," these three girls who are the cheerleader types. Other gals in my department imply that they're stuck up, maybe they're right, but...



**BUDDY MAX**  
THE FLEA MARKET COWBOY

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"WANTED." SEE OUR OTHER AD ON PAGE 26.

I heard one of the Aquanet team girls was at the company X-mas party with a real short miniskirt on, shaking her stuff out on the dance floor (pardon all the scribbles, I'm getting excited) and she lifted up her skirt "showing everything" (so the story goes) and she calls to her boyfriend sitting on the sidelines, "Come and get it!!" and when he didn't "come and get it," she strolled on over and got on top of him and they fell to the floor, her skirt still hiked all the way up showing everything. Pinch me I must be dreaming!! I wish I woulda seen it. I need to get out more.

-Brian Pazera

*This section  
excised by  
printers due  
to its nature  
being a  
little TOO  
informative.*



Hi Lisa,

While it's just fine for you to call me "Sweetie Jeff," I do not think "Jeffy"--which Kathleen Hanna chooses to call me--is acceptable. Especially as her reasoning is that by adding the "y," my name sounds less "fucked up and masculine" (so she can "handle" the name better). Have you ever heard of anything so pathetic? I haven't.

-Jeff Fuccillo

Dear Lisa,

Generation L is inspiring and timely. My friends and I have been exploring Southern Colonial manner and fashion and the importance of beauty, style and elegance. It's true there is very much resistance to such fancy in the counterculture, but we are totally sick of the apologetic tone adopted by most hip young people. I am very excited by L. I scored 33 on the "Rate Your L-ness" quiz and my songwriting partner Thomas scored 30. Our manager Charlie scored negative 65, yet still insists he is L!

-Rick Bunce

Lisa,

While being a homo somewhat relieves me of the need to choose a generation, I'd be happy to be the vox of X if you need a fixed point to direct your anti-X-ery at. I should think Gen L-ers would have curlers to set and would be too busy to whine at us black turtlenecked dorks, but you're getting so much mileage out of it, someone needs to stand up to you and I'm willing! I love your work even though it constantly insults me--is that enough Gen X self-loathing for you? Take me on if you dare.

-Spence

Dear Lisa,

I just finished *Generation L Magazine* and I need to ask a few questions about makeup. My mom gave me a lot of money in JC Penney's gift certificates so I blew it on expensive makeup. There is just something deliciously fetishistic about makeup boxes, especially the Ultima II ones.

So I have all this great makeup and, to be honest, I am not using it to its full dramatic effect. I never was handy with makeup or curling irons as a junior high princess, relying on foxes such as the Hawaiian-looking beauty, Lisa Stropes, to apply my makeup in the bathroom before first period. Anyway, I'm sure I won't be the only girl who would appreciate a *Roller-derby* makeup column.

As much as L-ness appeals to me, I just can't wear the blue sparkly eyeshadow. Being pale with huge dark eyes and salt and pepper hair, the blue would only make me--a woman of obvious Southern European extraction--look tawdry. Maybe you or another reader has a tip that would make the pale shades more attractive; however, until then, I must stick to smoky kohl.

Please assist me in this makeup matter, as I have been too shy to admit my lack of beauty aide skill until now!

-Kristin Young

*Nothing wrong with looking tawdry, Kristin. However, I can see that with your dramatic coloring, you are one of the few ladies on earth that don't need blue sparkly eyeshadow--smoky kohl must look great on you. I'm sure your eyes are haunting. There is no tip to make pale shades (or their drab friends the earth tones) more attractive--they will forever and ever make the wearer look timid, unremarkable, no fun. Don't worry about your lack of makeup skill--subtlety is very overrated. Just plunk that juicy lip gloss and eyeliner and mascara on and you're done. When people use three different eyeshadows and shade the sides of their nose and do other skillful stuff, they look bizarre. The purpose of makeup is to have fun being sexy, not to be desperate to have no one know the true shape of your features. Wearing makeup to look like you're wearing no makeup always perplexed me. I figure if you're going to do something, do it. May I suggest false eyelashes? And no need to buy expensive makeup--the only good thing about it is it stays on longer than cheap makeup. But menfolk love to see you re-applying your makeup; it's feminine. Where is Lisa Stropes now? It's sad that gals stop doing certain fun activities like fixing each other's hair and makeup once they graduate from high school.*

Hi Lisa,

As I wrote to you before I would like to know is it at all possible that you or one of your friends show up for a visit and I will reimburse you for any and all travel expense? Or on the other hand if you could send me your telephone number I can have one of my friends call you at a certain time any day of the week? How's that? Please answer me this time--soon!

-Raymond C. Manchester, SCF 1#86A2011, Box 700, Wall-kill, NY 12589

Dear Lisa,

You're probably wondering what a convict would be doing writing to you (maybe not) and I'm wondering myself, why? I've never written *any* editor, although I consider myself both a writer and poet. I guess you just impress the shit out of me and make me smile. Any smiles are appreciated in this chickenshit little world I live in.

One would think that after six terms in prison I would learn my lesson. I realize G.M. or Ford really has no job for a small time thief, dope smuggler smoker. My marketable skills are nil other than my intellect. Any think tanks accepting applications?

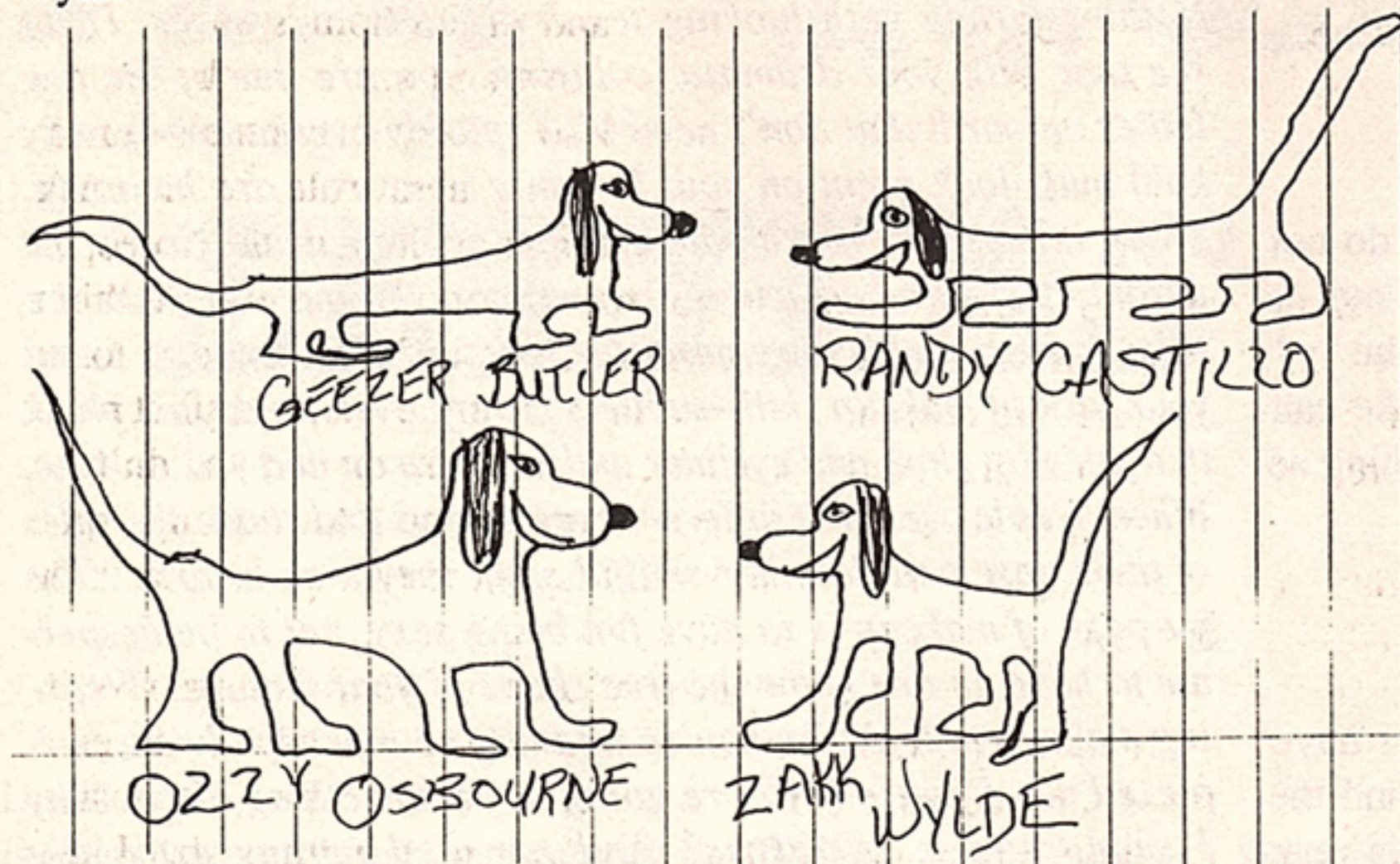
But seriously, what would be the chance of success for a single white male, 45 years old, no car, no family, no job and with a total net worth of \$200 upon release from prison? I've never wanted to be a starving artist, nor a line-joining follower of food stamps.

What's the answer? I don't know other than merging with the homeless army that's assaulting our cities. Meekness is not a virtue honed behind bars, and assertive behavior gets us in trouble. I don't know.

-Robert Roseman E15435, Bldg. 20 U-1L, CSP/SOL, PO Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696



To: Ozzy Osbourne, Geezer Butler, Randy Castillo and Zakk Wylde:



When I first came up with this idea for a letter, my first thought was 'oh no, not another formal business letter to that unresponsive two faced *pretentious* pin head, Ozzy Osbourne?' But when I looked deep within the comments in the *Just Say Ozzy* insert and the comments made in some recent interviews, my thoughts changed.

Firstly, Jake E. Lee is a better guitarist than Zakk Wylde could ever ever ever EVER EVER hope to be.

Secondly, to have written one last time to Ozzy, Zakk, Randy and Geezer (you **FOUR THIEVES**) says it all for me.

Thank you for reading.

God bless.

I have heard your new studio album is to be called *No Dogs Allowed*.

Some may say I'm a dog, but a lot of people say a lot of things about me which (mostly) are just plain untrue. My definition of a dog is this: a dog (this is my definition) is an uninteresting, unattractive and unresponsive person. (American Heritage 2nd College Dictionary). Which leads me to believe you four sirs are writing an album about yourselves, not me. You must be talking about yourselves, because I know I'm not a dog. Unless, of course, you might be eyeing the Dept. of Social Services. They're the only dogs I know.

When I first heard that the name of your new album was to be *No Dogs Allowed* was probably March 1990 although I can't remember exactly. When I first heard that I thought, 'Oh, that's original, that sounds neat, it sounds like they're doing something new.'

1. Does Ozzy Osbourne chase cats?
2. Can Ozzy say WOOF without moving his lips?
3. Does Zakk eat milkbone doggy biscuits?
4. Is Randy the band's watchdog?
5. Is Geezer Ozzy's guard dog for hire?

The reasons I ask these questions are simple:

1. I wonder if it would be easier for Ozzy to answer a question if he actually pretended that he even knows what he's talking about. That way, when a guy asks him a question, he can at least have the decency to answer, even if his conscience is mis-

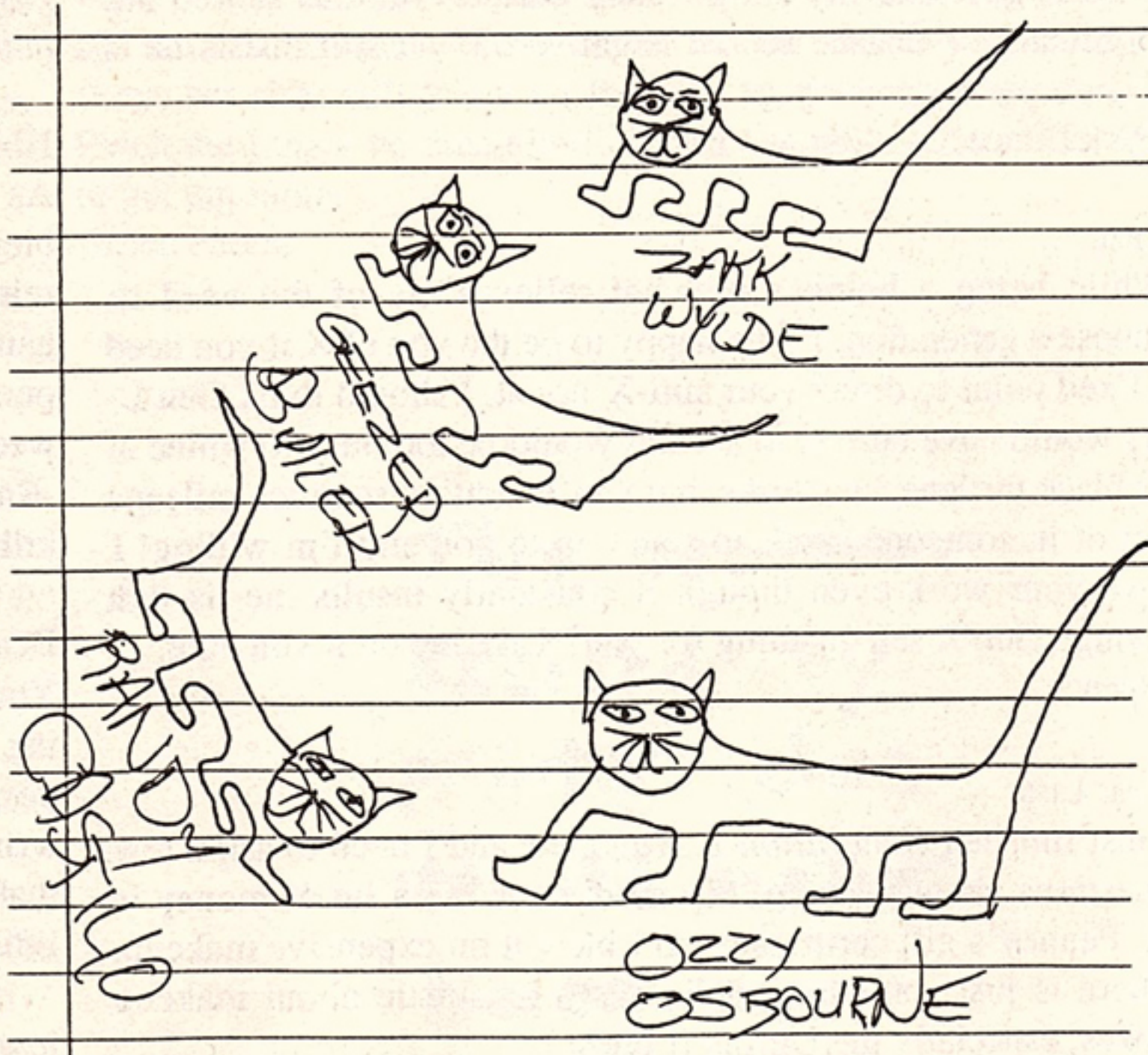
placed.

2. Zakk Wylde, I wonder if you ever had the length of your hair measured. You must be chomping on milkbone doggy biscuits, sucking the protein into your scalp. It would only take one hell of an idiot to know that your boss has an attitude problem, and you just feed into his junk. In other words, Ozzy's wish is your command. You're bought and paid for, *as far as I can see*. I may be wrong, it's just my point of view.

3. Randy Castillo, I think you may be the only one out of these other three geniuses that even has any brain of your own. You don't say anything hardly ever and I wonder why. You're probably too busy eating tacos or something. You're a looker, *so far as I can see*.

4. Geezer Butler, you're disgusting. I would have expected more from you than nothing at all! Because seeing how you just sit on your tail like a sappy old

mutt and let Ozzy and Zakk hog all the press, that really doesn't tell me much. Except maybe you don't have a mind of your own. You're on the take! **SO FAR AS I CAN SEE!**



This is so dumb. I don't know about you guys, but I don't consider myself an animal.

I'm an artist, not some kind of animal. I don't appreciate people taking cheap shots at me, like Ozzy did in the *Just Say Ozzy* insert, and in the interviews.

Ozzy talks about people taking cheap shots at him. Ozzy talks about how much of a troublemaker Jake E. Lee is. I'm sure Jake E. Lee is no angel, but he didn't deserve the cheap shot he sustained in the *Just Say Ozzy* insert, and I don't subscribe to Ozzy's point of view whatsoever. And Ozzy is the one who's causing trouble, *not* Jake E. Lee!!

The reason I'm writing this letter isn't to rag on Ozzy Osbourne. It's to admit the mistakes I've made and try to explain why I've done the things I've done and why I'm doing what I'm doing now.



This is the last letter I'm writing to your so called "Fan Club."

I'm going to back-track and explain about two letters that were released in Oct. '89 and one in Dec. '89.



The first letter: I do believe I released that letter in October of 1989. I can't recall the exact date. But at the time I was writing that, I was debating whether I should inform Ozzy Osbourne of my existence or not. As it turns out, I truly regret having said anything to Ozzy Osbourne whatsoever.

As far as I can remember, I asked about the rights to "Johnny Blade" as a song, to use as my writing name. At the time, I was having an identity crisis and I was quite hesitant about just how to explain what I wanted to do.

Like when John Michael Osbourne makes a project, he puts his name Ozzy Osbourne on it. But that thing I had with Olsway, I changed my mind.

And in the first letter also, I believe I said something to the effect that "I don't want to overwhelm you people of a stranger's identity crisis, people of your stature" or something like that.

I was brown nosing a little bit, but not a lot. I only meant to say that I didn't want to drone on and on about my problems and bother you, and I still don't. All I'm doing now is trying to explain the best I can.

I also said something about "lambasting the socially self righteous" or something similarly stupid.

I really honestly can't remember everything I've said but I also remember putting at the end of the letter "P.S. I'm your MAN OF MIRACLES."

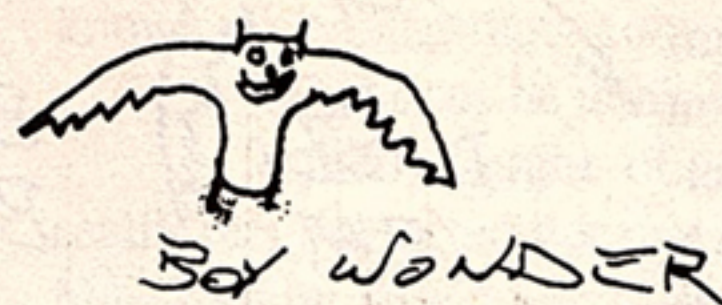
If you want to know why I did that, I'll tell you: I was just trying to draw you into what I was doing, trying to catch your attention. It's another mistake I've made.

After I wrote that first letter, I felt like the biggest, dumbest and goofiest jerk on the face of this earth. And as the address I gave "THE OTHER CRAZY BABE."

I felt so dumb and embarrassed. That's the motivation behind the second letter, I wanted to rationalize, and try to show you that I'm rational, not some kind of crackpot.

The second letter: It was finished right around Christmas time. I had written perhaps 50 different versions or more (NO EXAGGERATION!!) and I would have kept writing more versions and throwing them away if I wasn't aware of the fact that 1990 was coming soon and I *had* to tell you people something.

This letter was a bit better, but I still messed it up. There's one thing I said in there, something to the effect that "I was a fanatic of Ozzy when he was with Black Sabbath." What I meant by that was that I enjoy his music he did when he was with Black Sabbath, but I haven't even been alive for as long as he's been making records, in 1970. I hope I haven't misled anyone into thinking I know everything about Ozzy Osbourne. In fact, I know very little, except his music, which I am very familiar with. There's a reason why I don't know very much about Ozzy



Osbourne's personal life: Because in the foster homes and group homes and institutions and so forth, they don't allow Ozzy Osbourne's music, as a general rule. But I snuck his tapes in. But these people are so hypocritical and superstitious, they'll believe anything they're told. But this is the whole reason it's taken me so long, because I've been under supervision of these people's strict rules to follow and a dominant rule of theirs is that I shouldn't be allowed to listen to Ozzy Osbourne music. And if any tapes were caught in my possession, they were to be confiscated or destroyed.

When I first heard an Ozzy Osbourne song was in 1981, a song called "OVER THE MOUNTAIN" and when I first heard the song I knew that there was something deep inside the lyrics that I had to find, something to do with me but I just didn't know what it was. At that time, I was in an asylum for being supposedly "emotionally disturbed." This asylum was in Ypsilanti, Michigan, and at the time I was only eight or nine years old, and THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES presided over me, and they still do, talking junk about my name and my murky past.

I never found out Ozzy Osbourne had a past with anyone until maybe four or five years ago I found out Ozzy Osbourne had a past with a band called Black Sabbath.

Through the years, as I slowly managed to safely secure tapes of Ozzy Osbourne without anyone else's interference, I gradually became more aware that I had to find something deep within Ozzy Osbourne's music but I didn't know what it was. There was something strangely familiar in songs such as "Over The Mountain", "You Can't Kill Rock 'N' Roll", "Believer", "Shot In The Dark", "Rock 'N' Roll Rebel" and the list goes on and on.

Just last year I started to get Black Sabbath tapes. I finally got the *Never Say Die* tape just last summer and finally found what I needed to find. But the thing is, Ozzy's music has always hit the spot with me because I can easily relate to it. The weird thing is that back in 1981, the themes that run through those albums was what I was going through then. When I first started listening to Ozzy's music was when Randy Rhodes was still alive. Randy Rhodes' legacy is a part of mine, now I finally see. It was a tragedy, very unfortunate. And now I wonder if he were alive today what he would have to say about me. And I wonder back in 1981, if he had said anything at all about me, and if he did what he said. I wish he were still alive today and I don't know why he had to die. Because back in 1981, it was Randy Rhodes and Ozzy Osbourne and me, the music and there was a bond there that was celestial and so magical, it was like nothing anyone else could imagine but Ozzy Osbourne, Randy Rhodes and I.

And now Ozzy is running around with this new jerk, Zakk Wylde, who goes around acting like he owns the world.

NEXT PAGE, YOU ROCK 'N' ROLL ROCKET SCIENTISTS



And Ozzy has forgotten what that was like back in 1981 and I know who's responsible for making him forget. It's Zakk Wylde. I hate you so much, you jerk. You disrespectful jerk. Who do you think you are, you jerk? You have the audacity to compare yourself to Rhodes. You're nothing compared to him, Zakk Wylde, and don't you EVER EVER forget it!!!

Zakk Wylde, you want to know why you're nothing compared to Randy Rhodes? I'll tell you why: Because if Randy Rhodes were alive today, Ozzy wouldn't need to sit back and take cheap shots at former business partners, he wouldn't treat his music with such flagrant disrespect, and he wouldn't need to critique his music because everyone would be in total awe of Ozzy and Randy, like it was back then, and that would give Ozzy sufficient reason to concentrate on his music and not on copping out of making music, like he's doing right now.

That's why.

Ozzy says you know more about Sabbath and Sabbath songs than he does. What do you know, Zakk Wylde? Nothing but your own arrogance.

I ain't even going to say anything more towards you, Zakk Wylde.

And at least Jake E. Lee disassociated himself properly instead of mixing himself up with Randy Rhodes and Ozzy like Zakk is getting mixed.

Technically speaking, Ozzy and Zakk Wylde are made for each other. They're both jerks jerking around being disrespectful to former business partners, being disrespectful to the music, and being disrespectful to the fans.

Yes, Zakk Wylde is a very talented artist and probably one of the better guitar players to have come on down the rock scene in a long time, to be fair. But what is talent if you can't use it wisely? What good is it if Zakk Wylde can play guitar but treat his fans, his former business partners and/or music with such disrespect?

No good, that's how good. No good at all.

If it sounds like I got something against Zakk Wylde, you're not hard of hearing. I can't stand disrespectful jerks who act like they know everything.

I'm withdrawing any questions I may have asked at an earlier date.

The whole reason why I even acknowledged my existence to Ozzy Osbourne is because I was hoping I could get some help from someone to promote my albums. Now that I know Ozzy doesn't care about me as a fan, me as his music, or me as a human being, I won't even bother bending over backwards for that disrespectful jerk. It's a mistake I've made in assuming that Ozzy even gives a care about his own fans and music.

Did you know that my first album is titled *Here's Johnny*?

*Here's Johnny* is an album of 25 prose songs fitted onto six tracks. It has me on the picture of a dollar bill, as the president, as the cover plans.

I'm confident Ozzy Osbourne has no interest in buying my album to help promote, so I won't even ask.



BATS!  
BATS!



You're One In A Million, Ozzy Osbourne, and you know it's true.

But you know I'm trying to reach you, I'm trying to tell you what you're doing to Jake E. Lee and me is wrong.

I have to write in pencil now that my cheap pens have run out of ink.

"Shot In The Dark" is a song about me also. But Ozzy probably will deny this as the truth, I'm well aware.

So Ozzy's going to ban me, and treat me like I don't belong here. He's the immigrant, not me.

And if anything more is to be said, it will be in the past tense.

The whole reason I started writing was so that I could get Ozzy to find someone to help promote my albums.

My audience is those that support and oppose censorship, and since Ozzy is an active artist in this area, I thought he could give me a hand and help out. But instead, the first chance he has to answer any of my questions, he takes a cheap shot.

Thanks for teaching me a hard lesson.

The thing that bothers me the most is that I got rejected and mocked by my childhood hero.

Like I say, if I had a chance to do it all over again, I would have never informed Ozzy Osbourne of my existence.

And like I say, anything more to be said can be said only in past tense.

So if "Sweet Leaf" and "War Pigs" are actually Black Sabbath songs, that would make you four guys thieves.

"Maybe you've been conned or had someone attempt to sell you stolen property and they just won't take no for an answer. Been to a gas station or convenience store and treated you like don't belong here by an individual who can barely speak English? Hopefully not, but have you ever been attacked by a homosexual? Had some so called religionist try to con you out of your hard earned cash? Have you ever been banned or censored by a relatively small group of people claiming to be a majority with self righteous and dangerous motives?" (Axl Rose)

The Ozzy Osbourne "fan club" is nothing but a convenience store. They don't care about their fans or their music. The first words out of the letter indicated that I should go buy your album which is nothing more than stolen merchandise, so far as I can see.

But all I ever wanted was to find help in promoting my albums, and you four jerks just couldn't figure that out, could you? Instead you take a cheap shot at me.

All I am is a small town guy trying to make it. That's all I am.

What more is there to be said?

"Immigrants and faggots, they make no sense to me. They come to our country and think they'll do as they please. Like start some mini Iran or spread some fucking disease. And they talk so many goddam ways, it's all Greek to me."

You're an immigrant, Ozzy Osbourne, You're One In A Million.

Listen to the words, Ozzy Osbourne, because Axl Rose



is talking about YOU, you mess-around mongral. LISTEN, YOU FUCKER!!!!!!

"You're One In A Million, yeah that's what you are. You're One In A Million, babe, you're a shooting star. Maybe someday we'll see you before you make us cry. You know we tried to reach you, but you were much too high. Much too high, much too high..."

I don't care if you are One In A Million or not, Ozzy Osbourne. Don't get on my case about it, I didn't write the song. But I do know I don't appreciate being treated like I don't belong here by four multi-millionaire hot shots who can do nothing but complain about how bad they have it. If I had a *tenth* of what you guys have, I'd be elated!!!

Maybe I've been a bit hard on Zakk Wylde, but I'm not going to apologize, even if I'm wrong. In my opinion, all four of you guys are jerks, equal. So don't feel left out, Zakk Wylde.

Ozzy sits back and complains about how bad he has it, sings a song about me, sticks his \$800 earring in his ear and takes a cheap shot at me and then has the audacity to expect I sit back and take it. While I barely have enough to do my laundry. You want to know how great I have it, you stupid jerk? Each two weeks I got a choice. I can either do my laundry and go without food for one or two days or I can skip and have to wear dirty clothes, but have all my meals, as my limited money provides.

The apartment I live in now is a slum apartment, owned by an immigrant slum landlord from Germany. Last winter the pipes froze and I was without water for more than 12 days. During these days, I couldn't take a shower, take a shit, wash my hands, cook, or hardly anything.

I ain't giving you guys a sad story. There's a lot of people who have it a lot worse than me. But then again, there's a lot of people who have it a lot better than me. But when four guys like you sit back and say and do the things you do, it pisses me off.

Zakk Wylde, I know you said in an interview that you admire Randy Rhodes' songwriting and the way he constructed his solos. And I said you're a disrespectful jerk. Zakk Wylde, I know you *said* you admire Randy Rhodes' work, and that *does* show respect. But that's not what I'm talking about. I read those interviews carefully and I pretty much see what you're saying, but I'm not talking about that aspect of it. What I mean by your disrespect is that it seems like you agree with Ozzy Osbourne about everything he says and does. Ozzy starts comparing you to Randy Rhodes and you just sit back and let him do it. You should stand up and say, "NO! I'M ZAKK WYLDE SO QUIT COMPARING ME!"

Ozzy Osbourne is just as much to blame as you, and I think it would benefit Zakk Wylde if he established his own separate identity. It could only benefit the Ozzy Osbourne band as a whole by acknowledging all four members as individuals, and not as Ozzy Osbourne androids.

Otherwise, I don't have any other problem with Zakk Wylde.

I ain't a hard case. I'm not going to start juggling cats though, and I'm *not* going to try to win anyone over because I know who I am and what I'm doing.

Zakk Wylde sits back and brags about how much he's learned from Mr. Know-It-All Ozzy Osbourne. OK, if Ozzy knows everything, how come he's looking for me then?

What does he think I know, anyway?

I just thought of something. Randy Castillo must really feel neglected because I hardly ever hear anything about him. I know he's

you guys' drummer, but that's about it. I also know he's been with the Ozzy Osbourne band



longer than Zakk Wylde and Geezer Butler, in The Ultimate Sin days, since then. Hey, (You three other jerks stop reading, this following insert is confidential information towards Randy Castillo): Randy Castillo, let's make a plan to get back at Ozzy for all these years he's never given you a chance to speak your mind, let's get him good, make him pay, let's-- You other three jerks can start reading again.

I'm just kidding. Seriously though, I would like to hear what he has to say though. I bet he wouldn't abuse the press like those two dummies Zakk Wylde and Ozzy Osbourne, because he knows how it is to be overlooked, underrated and underappreciated.

If you want to know why I didn't write between the months of January 1990 and April 1990, it's simple. I wasn't even aware my letters were even read.

Today is June 28, 1990. The wicked witch, my caseworker from the DEPT. OF SOCIAL SERVICES in Bad Axe, Mich. is on her way to visit me even as I write this letter. Because I don't have enough money to move into another apartment, by June 30 I'll probably end up in another foster home or group home, or I might even end up homeless for all I know. I'm on a special program called Independent Living, because I just turned 18 this last April. I get \$398 a month, a portion of which my caseworker usually pockets secretly embezzling money from me, gradually THEIVING money from me. I'm sure you four guys know a lot about that, don't you? Since you're thieves yourselves, or so it appears.

The Department Of Social Services are an extremely sick group of people. They steal from the poor and give to themselves, and then blame the poor people for what they do wrong. They're outrageous.

They're a bunch of little Jimmy Swaggarts running around, conning and conniving.

But I have a plan to humiliate these mess-around mongrals in front of the whole world. But the sad thing is, what I thought was the perfect plan has turned out to be doomed.

My plan is this: To meet secretly with Ozzy Osbourne to discuss him taking over as my legal guardian, the motivation being for some obvious reasons.

First of all, Ozzy Osbourne is known widely for his outstanding social behavior, his willingness to demonstrate acceptable ways to deal with emotional distress, and he is also quite commendable in the ways of restoring morals in today's youth, I've noticed.

Secondly, he is everything THE DEPARTMENT OF



SOCIAL SERVICES despises, and that's understandable.

Thirdly, Ozzy Osbourne is *capable* of providing me a foundation from which I can produce my albums, which should be the topic of discussion anyway.

I don't know what I'm supposed to do. This whole thing is very confusing.

But I'm *not* going to blow my brains out or jump off a bridge, because I'm a believer.

And I ain't going to wait around for Ozzy Osbourne, because to be honest, I don't have the time. It's not that I'm refusing to come to wherever Ozzy says so, it's just that I can't wait around forever, that's all.

But if you guys want to make a new living stealing, all you would have to do was ask me, and I'd give you some top-notch material for you guys to steal. That's right, I have an album planned for Ozzy Osbourne and myself, and it's titled *Johnny Blade*.

Ozzy Osbourne, how much more will it take for you to believe? How many times do I have to try to talk sense into your thick head? I am for real!!

Let me explain each song for the album and how I got the idea:

1. "Good Guys Wear Black" from a Geraldo Rivera show Ozzy did a while back called "Devil Worship." Ozzy says, "Why are you persecuting me? All I try to do is entertain, I'm not such a bad guy." So I said to myself, 'Well, if he's not such a bad guy and since he's wearing a crucifix and a black shirt, I guess good guys wear black.'

2. "Dancing Devils" is about Ozzy Osbourne taking over as my legal guardian. For the video Ozzy and I get swarmed by the mass media and we go running around on tops of buildings, through alleyways and clubs, trying to get away from the media hounds. It's really neat.

3. "Dream Woman" is about my mother. She's Ozzy's dream woman. She's wicked.

4. "Secret Wars" You say Ozzy's *Just Say Ozzy* album was recorded Oct. '89. I started writing in Oct. '89. It says Nov. '89 in the *Just Say Ozzy* insert. Ozzy says he has five children, three accounted for, two are not. It's a secret war.

5. "Revolution Mop Up" Have you ever watched WWF wrestling, Ozzy Osbourne? There's a wrestler called Macho King. The guy is a master orator, I'm telling you. It's about how he's a rebel and how much of a bad guy he is, but yet he always (almost always) wins, which ain't how it usually is. He sticks out like a sore thumb, but he's my favorite wrestler because he's so mean, and it's great! It's about how he don't need anyone's praise, because he's so great. He likes to start up against his enemies. It ain't supposed to have his name in it, like "Bloodbath In Paradise" and Charlie Manson. You just put yourself in someone else's shoes on a totally different scene and get into the spirit of it. It's very easy to do.

6. "The Impaled" is a remake of the 1978 "Johnny Blade" with more emphasis on defining instrumental sounds with better equipment. I don't want a video made out of it. I'm not fuckin' Jessica Hahn. I want a longer keyboard introduction and I want to make it the weirdest song anyone's ever heard. It's like "The Ballad of Johnny Blade" but instead I just call it "The Impaled." It's about Ozzy Osbourne being Dracula. Because on the t-shirt

of Ozzy there's the words "Vlad Tempes" who is otherwise known as Dracula and there's a guy holding a disembodied arm like, "My Lord, what shall I do with this arm?"

I'm the guy asking that, as if to want to please my King.

7. "Circus Freak" is about my scarred face and how I'm a bit shy when I first am around a girl, to be honest. But once I meet a female and if they're nice to me, then I don't have any problem. But if they're mean to me or ignore me I feel really awful. I can't stand gorgeous stuck-up bitches with their high school hot shot 250 pound linebacker boyfriends who try to intimidate me. I can't stand steroid meatheads who always get the good looking girls when I should have the best looking girl because they only know what they see. But if they knew who I really am, they wouldn't mock me. Or would they? Life ain't easy being a circus freak. It's also about how people gossip about me and talk my name around and exaggerate beyond belief. How there is files upon files about my supposed "emotional disturbances" kept by the Department Of Social Services, the slander-ing capital of the world. I get really paranoid at times.

8. "Keeping The Dream Alive" is about reaching deep down inside myself and finding the guts to pull myself through my own troubles. That's the *real* get together. When I stopped depending on Ozzy Osbourne to tell me everything step by step and explain it out. I'm keeping this dream alive.

Now, I know you guys are probably going to steal my songs from me and use it for your own use without my permission. But just in case you don't, and you're wondering what I want to do, I'll tell you: I want to sign on with the Ozzy Osbourne band, as a songwriter and hopefully Ozzy can find some mercy in that cold black heart of his and give me a break. Come on, Ozzy, I'm not such a bad guy. And don't forget, I have my own albums I'm working on also. This album with Ozzy Osbourne is just some extra material I've saved for Ozzy.

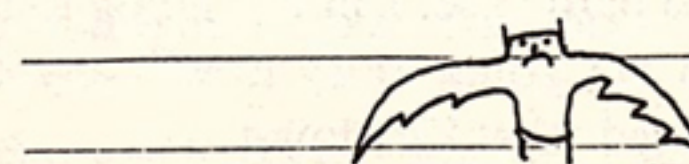
Please show me mercy. Don't leave me to rot in the hands of these wicked people, Ozzy Osbourne.

So if Ozzy Osbourne had any mercy left in that cold heart of his, he'd save me. I don't need a handout. I just want to be treated fairly. And if his music or his fans ever mean anything to him or if it does now, he'd get on his bat jet and fly over here and help me out, because I sure need it. Because he's BATMAN and I'm BOY WONDER and we're a team and it's time we reunite. So Ozzy, if you're reading this, I just got one more thing to say to you:

GET OFF YOUR FAT BUTT AND GET YOUR BATLY BUTT OVER HERE AND SAVE ME!!!!!!

NOW!!!

JOHNNY  
BLADE





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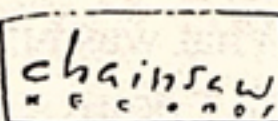
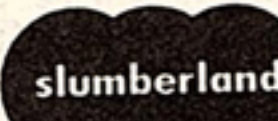
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# The Exotic Love Life



**DAME DARC'Y** is such a paradox! She's thrilling to be around because she has so much energy, but after a while she can get really fucking annoying--because she has so much energy. She has received more marriage proposals than any other 12 women combined, and still there is this loneliness inside her that I don't think will ever go away. She has a brilliant imagination and is very interested in anything scientific--but has a hard time adding  $11 + 9$ . She's the most selfish person I know, demanding your total attention, your admiration and all your money--and is also the most generous, with never a bad word to say about anybody (even thought lots of people hate her), and sends me and my baby beautiful handmade presents at every holiday even though I'm an old crab and never get her anything. Never one to hesitate when it comes to doing bold and scary deeds, she always drives ten miles under the speed limit. She runs around day and night on kooky adventures, yet when it comes to work there's no one more dedicated or single-minded or punctual.

*She's not one dame -- she's a pair o' doxies!*

**LISA:** All these people are writing to me asking about your love life.

**DAME DARC'Y:** Why is that?

**LISA:** 'Cause you're so secretive about it. I always see these interviews with you and you talk about everything but.

**DARC'Y:** I'll tell you everything! I've been going out with somebody for eight months. His name is Mr. Raff. I met him last April Fools Day at a show that Mr. The Millionaire was doing, who is also my previous boyfriend. I went there with my current boyfriend at the time, Scottie. Scottie was OK--he was handsome. I liked his nose. Everybody would tell you he was handsome. But then as I got to know him, I still liked him, but...he's dumb! And he was significantly older than me. He was 32. And we saw this other guy I used to have a crush on--

**LISA:** What was his name?

**DARC'Y:** I don't want you to print it. So I was talking to this other guy I used to have a crush on, and lo and behold I look across the room and I see this guy who looks like he's from 1923. He was sitting there pouting. I thought, 'This guy's really cute! I'm really liking this guy quite a bit!' So I walked up to him and he walked up to me and said, "Are you Dame Darcy? I got your comic a week ago and I wanted to meet you. It's really an omen that I should see you." And then he hands me a clump of his hair--an enormous wad of hair that he just happened to be carrying around.

**LISA:** That's gross!

**DARC'Y:** No, it made me really happy! I was really excited. 'This is a really neat guy,' I thought. To this day a lot of the dolls I make have his hair. So, I put it in my alligator purse and

for a long time I'd go to the store and I'd pull out my money and all this hair would come out on the counter. First the purse had alligator feet and

then all this hair was coming out of it--people thought I was gross or out of my mind. I want to learn taxidermy. He was wearing a white shirt with sterling silver screw-on collar tips embossed with these fleur-de-lis patterns and a jacket with matching cufflinks and these really neat old shoes with buckles. He looked like he's in black and white even though of course he's in color, because all he ever wears is black and white and his hair is very dark and his skin is very pale and his eyes are very dark. He looks like a black and white drawing.

**LISA:** Now where was Devon at the time of this show?

**DARC'Y:** At the time, I was talking to Devon and corresponding with him, but I hadn't broken up with Scottie yet. I really had a crush on Devon.

**LISA:** So back to the April Fools Day show.

**DARC'Y:** I was dancing with [the former crush] in front of Scottie, and he was being obnoxious and he hit Scottie with my sweater on accident. Scottie said, "I'm gonna clock him good!" I said, "Oh go on Mr. Big Fighter!" So they were gonna have this big fistfight, and they're both 6'2", and I got pissed off at both of them--plus Scottie wasn't buying me any drinks--so I stormed out of there and ran away.

Raff really is my type. He acts like an old man even though he's young. He just turned 25 but he might as well be 95. He's such a vampire. All he ever does is he lays in his house all day and all night listening to harpsichord music with the lights out, writing these horror/science fiction novels on a Powerbook. I did a spell to get Raff [before I met him]. I drew my dream man on the cover of *Meatcake 2* and *Rollerderby 13* so that he would see himself on one of those covers, and he'd



come find me. And that's how he found me! And Raff looks just like what I drew. And he's from Puget Sound, which is the place I drew! And I made the spell with playing cards and the number four, and his favorite number is four. And the first number of his phone number is four. And he lives on the eighth floor. The number four represents stability, and that's what I was looking for. It's not my favorite number. My favorite number is nine.

LISA: Nine is the number of self-indulgence--it always comes back to itself.

DARCY: Right, that makes sense.

LISA: Do you and Raff ever fight?

DARCY: Yeah. We fight about the fact that I'm very incredibly outgoing and he is not. For instance, tonight there's this band playing called Rasputina. I'm going to be doing something with them soon. They're going to be dressed in Victorian lingerie and play the cello as the soundtrack while a slide show of Waxwolf plays. I'll stand next to Waxwolf and interact with him. So anyway I wanted to go see Rasputina play tonight and Mr. Raff just never wants to go out. He hates to go out. So we fight over that. But he's very attentive and he's sweet to me and buys me a lot of nice presents. He has really good taste and takes me to all these fancy places.

LISA: Is he the one that comes from money?

DARCY: Yeah. They all do. If they don't have any money I don't have anything to do with them.

So I did this spell to get Raff, and now that I have him I shouldn't complain too much. But the only complaint I have is he doesn't talk to me very much and he doesn't go out. He acts more like a husband than a boyfriend. Well, he used to when we were getting along better. He's starting to work on his career more now so he has to be alone more, and I hate it.

LISA: You gotta give the man his space, Darce. He's gotta work on his career to be happy, and then he'll earn even more money to spend on you, and you'll be happy.

DARCY: I know. I'm trying to be supportive. I go on other dates but I won't let them kiss me. I don't want to break up with Raff, but at the same time I don't want to always have to find another date when I want to go out. I want to step out with my boyfriend.

LISA: Maybe you need two boyfriends--one to go out with and one to stay home with.

DARCY: I think so. It's driving me a little nuts being monogamous like this anyway.

LISA: Are you still planning on marrying Brandan Kearney

when you're 26?

DARCY: He called me the other day and said he still wants to marry me, so he's still in the running, yeah. I might marry him. You never know. I still love him.

I haven't seen The Millionaire in a really long time. I miss him. Like I *really* miss him a lot. I would marry him.

LISA: Are there any more?

DARCY: Devon maybe too, but it really depends, because if Crispin Glover asked me to marry him I would just marry him.

My ideal life would be to have three husbands and live in a luxurious palace--an old run-down farmhouse Victorian style--with a lot of rooms and everything rigged up so that if the power went off everything would run anyway. There would be a garden. I'm a believer in the apocalypse and I want to have a self-sufficient home.

LISA: The hordes would raid your home.

DARCY: Yeah, see--that's why I wanna have three husbands.

I need three husbands because I need a lot of attention. A scientist husband, a writer husband, and a husband that travels for some reason. I want them to all be different from each other but compatible and everyone could have their own room and come and go as they wanted.

LISA: Can they run around with other woman?

DARCY: If they want, but they have to have safe sex and they have to come home and

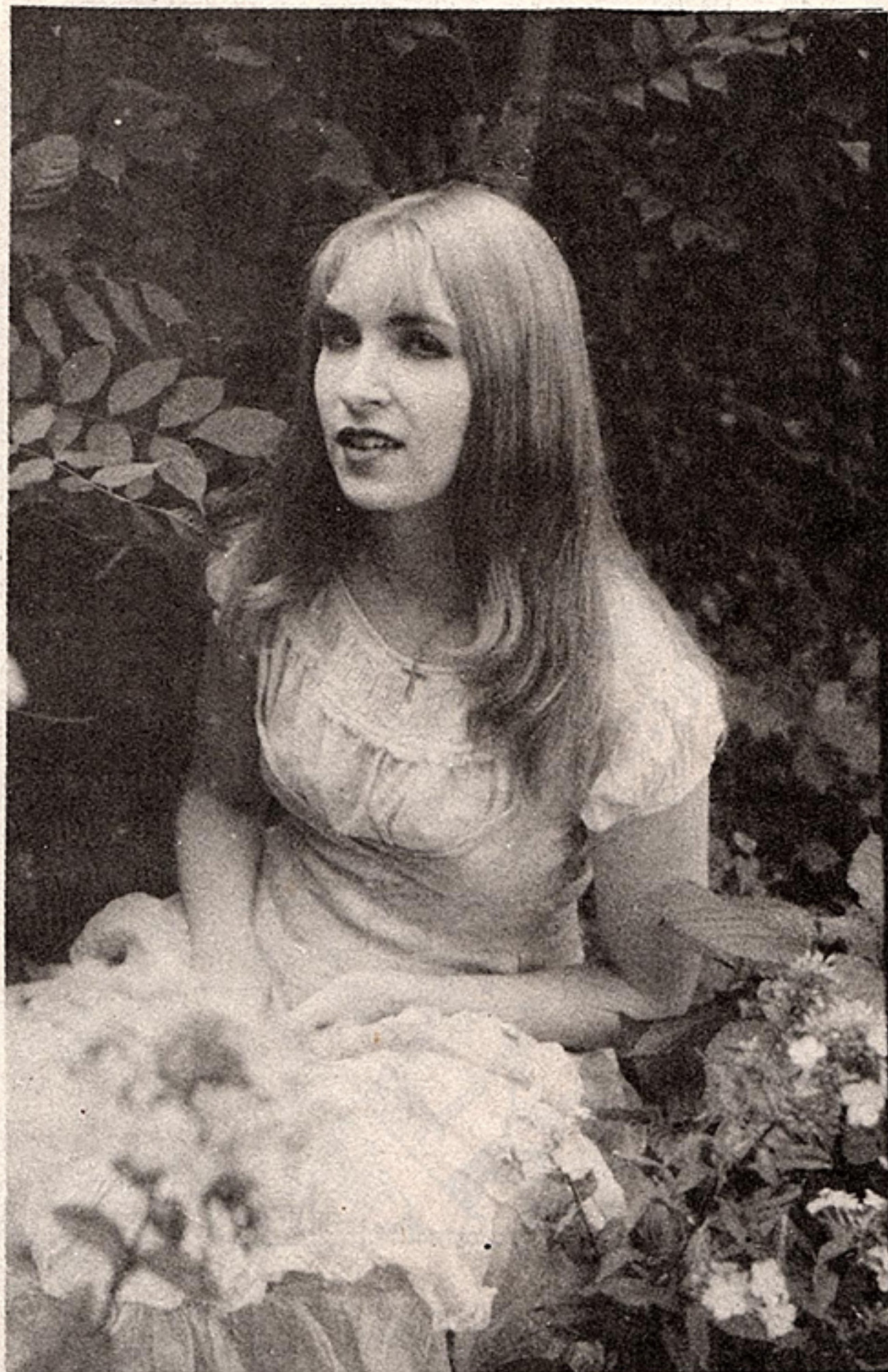
know who the wife is in this deal. They have to know that no matter how many girlfriends they have on the side, I am The One--I am The Wife.

LISA: Is your time line on course?

DARCY: No! I'm behind schedule! I'm way behind schedule. Because I didn't plan on having my friend get stabbed plus having to move all over stupid New York. Oh, Lisa, ever since last January I've had a really, really terrible time. It's been like an F-minus life. I've had to move eight times. I've lost several very important things. I've lost my press kit, original artwork, a lot of Victorian shoes, I've lost these dolls that my grandmother gave me. So I'm way behind on my schedule. By the end of my 23rd year I was supposed to have been in all the big magazines.

LISA: You still have three months.

DARCY: I'm going to try to do it but now I'm going to London for book signings. I wrote and illustrated this fairy tale







book and my publisher for that is in London--Blue-Eyed Dog. They publish Edward Gory. So we're thinking of doing a record and video

while I'm there.

LISA: Well, isn't that good? Why do you sound so sad?

DARCY: It's very good. I'm very excited. They might publish my autobiography too. I've started the first chapter--it's called "My Life As A Pointy-Eared, Three-Nippled Zygote That Should've Been A Boy."

LISA: Your autobiography is going to be about nine billion pages.

DARCY: I know--'cause the first chapter is really long and it's just about me being a zygote.

LISA: I can't wait to read it.

DARCY: There's gonna be a big part talking about you and me.

LISA: Back to your time line. Maybe you could give an overview.

DARCY: When I was 18 I had this revelation where I figured out my ten-year-plan. By the time I was 21 I wanted to be published by Fantagraphics, and that came right on time. Next I wanted to make the pilot of my TV show--*Turn Of The Century*. It's a variety show/cartoon show. It has a morbid, Victorian, freakshow-vaudeville kind of thing for the first part. I'm doing that because as a palm-reading banjo player, no one knew where to book me. And like the things [Suckdog operas] you would do--you'd get booked in rock clubs, but you weren't doing rock. And like Rasputina--where do they get booked? Well, on my show they'd be booked. A fire-eating juggler, a contortionist that can play the French horn, or a bunch of big bluegrass hillbilly hicks like my family could come on. Or we'd have a talking skeleton. Then there'd be a cartoon.

LISA: When does this TV show come on your time line?

DARCY: I want to have my show by the time I'm 25 and be legitimately known by the time I'm 26 and be full-blown, all out-and-out famous by the time I'm 27 and be *superfamous* by the time I'm 29--which comes at the turn of the century. On my palm, when I'm 29 is my first chance of death. So if I die after that point I won't mind, because I will have achieved my life's goal. And if I don't die I'll quit doing the show and just write

books and kick back for a while.

LISA: When do you adopt your Indian baby girl?

DARCY: When I'm 30.

LISA: And when do you go into seclusion?

DARCY: When I'm 30. But I don't know if I'm going to make it to 30, because I might die when I'm 29.

Right at the moment as we speak I'm working on the background for the pilot of my show--computer-generated pseudo stop-motion animation.

People tell me, "Darcy, you're 23, you're still young. You don't have to have your variety cartoon show right now. You can have it when you're 35." I say No, I need to have it when I'm in my 20s because I'm a woman, it's a patriarchal society and I'm pretty *now*. I don't want to have it when I'm an ugly old hag. I want to have it now.

LISA: You won't be an ugly old hag when you're in your 30s--you never go out in the sun.

DARCY: I hope you're right, but another thing is that my first chance for death is when I'm 29.

There are three songs written about me. One of them

starts out "Dame Darcy is a terror." It says I'm infamous and I break everyone's heart and I should be worshipped because I'm really talented but I should be killed because I'm a menace to society and to men in particular.

LISA: Who wrote it?

DARCY: Just some guy I don't even know. I didn't know how to take it. I laughed, because it was hilarious, but at the same time I was sad 'cause I don't want to really be perceived as a menace.

LISA: What's your final word for my curious readers?

DARCY: Tell them that even

though I do love my current boyfriend quite a bit, I am a poly-andrist, so send your letters my way. And my PO Box is PO Box 730, New York, New York, 10009.





**The question: "Can you describe Dame Darcy in ten words or less?"**

Darcy is...uncontrolled hunger...precariously wonderful...a real shit.

-Ian Christe

Only ten words for Darcy? That's one word for each step on her ladder.

-Jimmy Johnson

She has a charm which makes her cute despite the repellent quality of many of her features. She looks like she's part goat. But interacting with her, I find her enchanting. I like her.

-Boyd Rice

It's too early in the morning to talk about Darcy.

-Rachel Ameodo

A handful.

-Vicky Wheeler

She's the only real true seer I've ever come in contact with. She sees people's present, future and past. I think she's really beautiful too. I think she's exquisite, let's put it that way. I wish I knew her in high school.

-Thurston Moore

I can name that Dame in just one: leech. She's in the gutter. She has no ethics. She has no morality. That girl's in the gutter.

-Mary Ellen Carver

An angel of love, however peccant. She's genuinely loving, but she's tortured, and tortures others.

-Devon Christiansen

MATT JASPER: My God. Ten words or less to describe Darcy. My God. Uh, she's dominant. She sings. Her dreams and letters ramble marvelously in a way that's alive. She invites people to participate in the world she's spinning, but a lot of people don't have the energy to join in, or it's just too foreign. But she does extend a marvelous invitation. She is benevolent.

BEATRICE WEATHERSBY: She benevolently tries to acquire

other people's men.

MATT: I think that my staying up all night under the kitchen table with Darcy partially caused my divorce. [My ex-wife] Melissa is wildly jealous of Darcy but won't admit it.

BEATRICE: I admit it. I am wildly jealous of Darcy. And I have a crush on her.

MATT: Darcy was sucking on Bea's ear. So she-- Beatrice--could understand that I was gravely obsessed with her for a while. We played crochet but Darcy cheated of course. She was actually beating me hard with the mallet. I broke her necklace and threw her over a fence--she swung for my head really hard. She was crying and Bea had to comfort her. That's when the ear-sucking came in. [My time with Darcy] was a fun. But a little odd.

A real live wire.

-Johanna Spoorri

A cross between Veronica Lake and Edgar Allen Poe.

-Kim Thompson

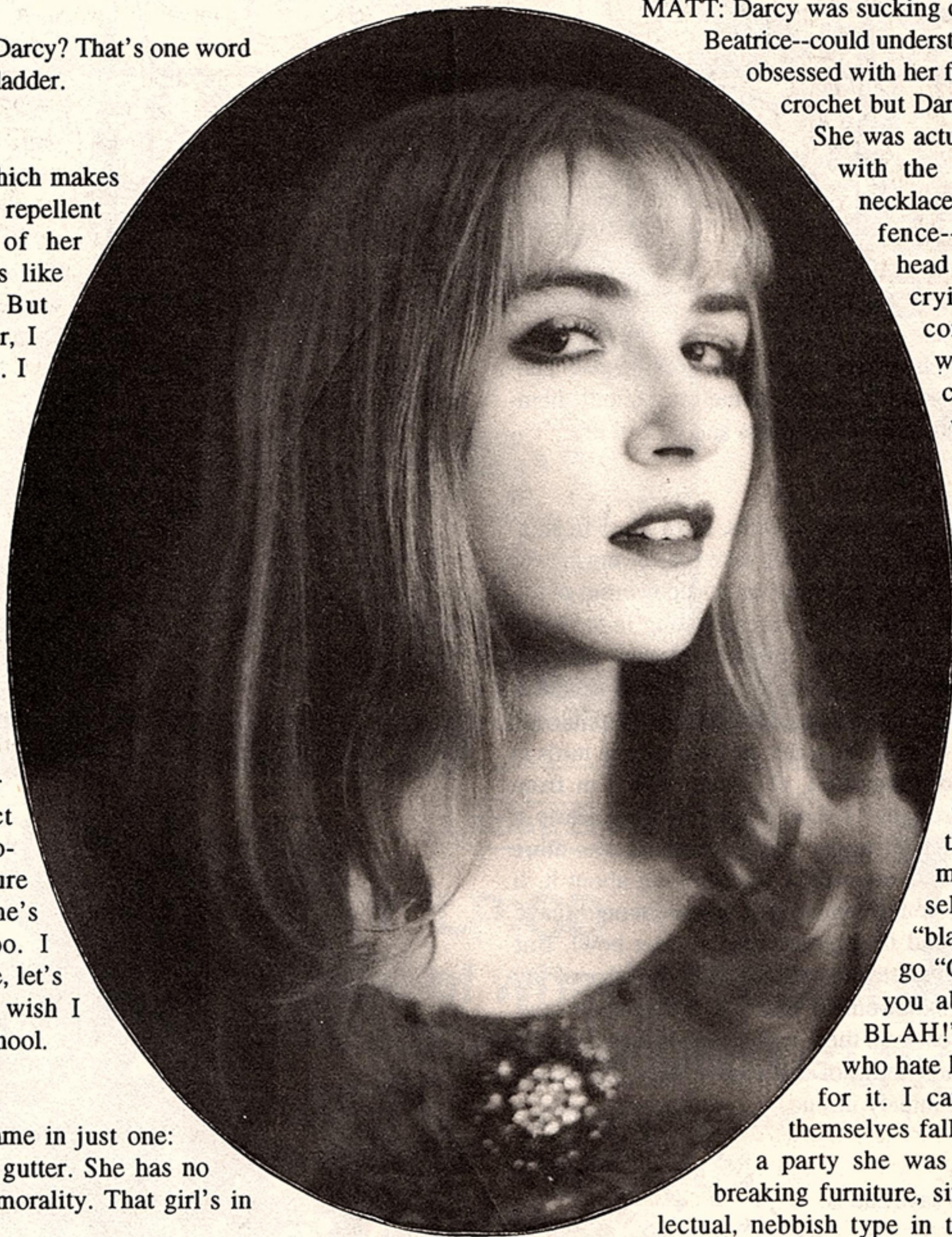
She's a multimedia Calamity Jane. She's the only person I've met who interrupts herself. She'll be saying "blahblahblah" and then go "Oh! Wait! Let me tell you about *this*--blahblah-BLAH!" All those people who hate her--these suckers ask for it. I can't believe they let themselves fall in love with her. At

a party she was dancing all around, breaking furniture, singing, and this intellectual, nebbish type in the corner asked my

friend, "Who IS that?" My friend says, "That's Dame Darcy." He said, "Can you introduce me?" My friend says, "You don't want to meet her--she'll spend your money, she'll wreck your apartment, she'll wreck your life." He got a glazed look in his eye and said, "That's what I want."

-Pete Bagge

I always wanted to use the phone when I came to visit you [when Lisa and Darcy lived together] and she would never let me because she was always on it. I would ask her and she would ignore me. I felt powerless and enraged. I remember being so angry I actually flushed. But she could also be pretty charming. Physically, she reminds me of a banana. An overall feeling of





yellow. And she's also slightly hunched like a banana.

-Rachel Johnson

Flighty. Dramatic. Unscientific. Self-centered. Fascinating. Gorgeous. Sexy. Talented. Alcoholic. Scary.

-Helena Harvalitz

Dame Darcy is a delightful person. I couldn't believe it when I met her--she is exactly like her drawings. We'll go out for dinner and she'll have fried ice cream, nothing else. People who have trouble with her reveal something about themselves, not her--a fundamental unhappiness and lack of life.

-Scott Hamrah

She had been preying on me, among others, for a place to stay. I made the horrible mistake of letting her take care of my cat for a long weekend. When I came back my cat was cowering in the closet and I found a bunch of human turds floating in the toilet bowl. When I confronted her with this, she blamed ~~him~~ who had been in and out while she housesat. I asked ~~him~~ and he said he didn't do it. I've known ~~him~~ for years, and if he says he didn't leave turds in the toilet, he didn't leave turds in the toilet. When I told Darcy that, she said, "Oh, I'm from California--we had a drought." I should mention that clearly it was more than one batch of turds--and probably it was more than three batches. I get overwrought just thinking about it. It was beyond anything I could believe that anyone would leave their turds floating around in someone else's toilet bowl. But there's more--a few days later I reached in the bottom of my magazine rack in the bathroom to pull out a magazine--and when I raised my hand back up there was a used bloody tampon in it. Realistically, I can't think of any reason why she would do that. I think she's genuinely insane.

-Phil Milstein

She's all the things she says she is.

-Simon Henwood

She went to church and everyone yelled at her because they said her dolls were voodoo dolls.

-David Simons

I've heard a lot of stories about Dame Darcy and there's one central theme--stealing people's boyfriend.

-anonymous female

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either a ploy to get me to come over or a symptom of schizophrenia. I think that mild schizophrenia gives heightened perception, heightened awareness. I think this is why she'll feel so tied to a very old thing--she perceives more about it than what it is; she perceives its history.

-Colin Raff

There's only one thing worse than not having Dame Darcy in your life--

that's having Dame Darcy in your life.

-anonymous male

Idiot. Evil. Enemy. Pampered. Thief.

-anonymous male

Psychic vampire or fallen angel? She is a vortex of emotional chaos with potentially devastating effect. I still have a lot of affection for her despite myself. God knows she's not boring.

-Mr. The Millionaire

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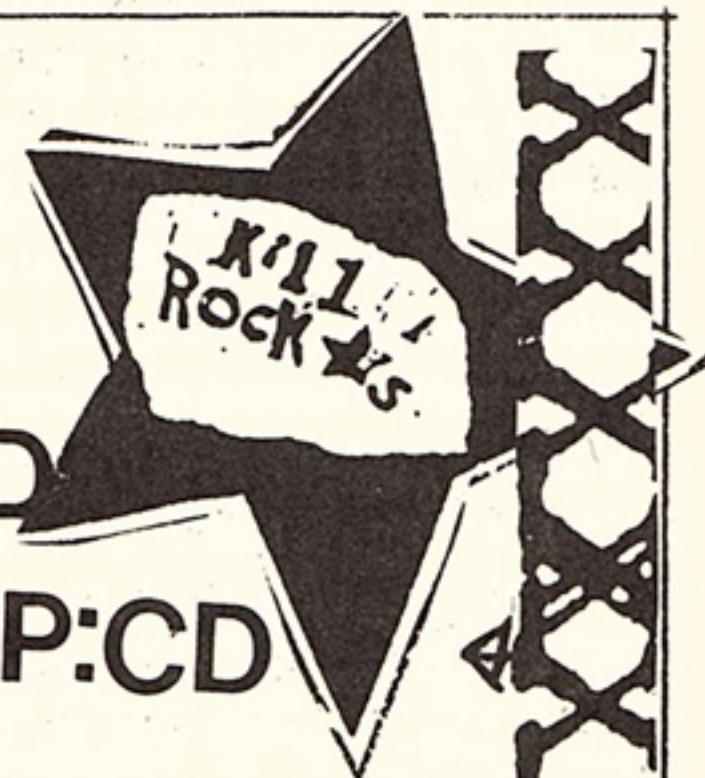
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# THE BRUTALITY OF

## Little House on the Prairie

*Little House on the Prairie*, says Shaun Partridge, is the unsung hero of TV shows. Widely believed to be a mediocre, dorky family show, it is actually the most violent, dramatic family show of all time. The rest of the world is beginning to catch on--*Little House* books are now targeted for removal from public libraries. (I read it in *Parents Magazine*.)

Like *Little House*, Shaun's appearance is unthreatening. Twenty-six, blond/blue, he is a weird person who commits petty crimes and tricks on strangers and acquaintances, often hurting people's feelings. He doesn't care as long as he has fun. He has always been polite to me, but I'm watching him. He is co-founder of the Partridge Family Temple, wrote about rape in *Answer Me!* 4, and his recording debut is on *Hatesville*.

"I'm a god-fearing man. What will people think?" She ran away to an old barn. Albert would bring her food. The blacksmith came to rape her again and Albert walked in and saw it and he went berserk and whacked the blacksmith with a pitchfork. There was a huge fight. The girl fell off the loft and died--or the blacksmith threw her off. Her last words were, "I'll always love you, Albert." He said, "I love you, too." He was crying.

LISA: What made you fall in love with the girl?

LISA: What did that guy do to make Pa's friend squeeze him so hard blood came out?

SHAUN PARTRIDGE: I don't remember. I remember only the charm of it. It was chunky red hemorrhage blood.

LISA: I remember what led up to it: Pa hocked his violin so he could get a hat for Mary's birthday, then Ma found out and sold the hat and got the violin out of hock and Mary told Pa that the best gift he could give her was to play his violin. I can't remember how that led to Pa's friend squeezing the blood out of someone though--but you know how things just happen in the wild west...

SHAUN: That's what I like about *Little House*--it was honestly brutal. As a kid, I always felt cheated by TV. The violence was so fake. Cartoons were so silly. They never showed blood. *Little House* was real. People died. They died horrible deaths.

My absolute favorite episode is Albert meets a girl, falls in love, then she gets raped. It was a two-parter. I fell in love with the girl. She had a really strict, evil father. It was intense--he would make her cinch her breasts up because they were too big. He said boys have wandering eyes. He'd drag her home and say [through clenched teeth], "Cinch it! Cinch it!" It was really creepy. There was this evil blacksmith with a sick clown face--a porcelain Harlequin mask with painted-on, red, female lips. No one knew him, but it was like he had always been there.

He would watch Albert and the girl when they would hold hands and kiss. One time Albert went home and the girl stayed in the woods to relax a few minutes, and the blacksmith raped her. She got pregnant, which made her father start beating her. He said,

SHAUN: She was just real soft.

A real good episode was when the citified grandson comes to live with his old grandparents.

LISA: Yes, and he threw the old man down the stairs.

SHAUN: The old man said, "That didn't happen, Ma. He didn't mean it--it was a mistake. I roused him too early."



Pa and his ugly friend Isaiah fixing for a fight

LISA: Then he throws the old woman down the stairs!

SHAUN: Yeah! No, he didn't throw her down.

LISA: I know, Shaun. I was just trying to excite you.

SHAUN: Oh! Ha, ha!

LISA: Did you see the beginning of that episode, when it shows why the grandson got so mean?

SHAUN: No.

LISA: It started with the dad complaining about supper to the mother and just being an asshole and she's

simpering and cowering and doing everything to avoid getting hit and then the kid walks in and says, "Hi Dad." The dad says, "You ripped your shirt!!" There was a little tear in the kid's shirt. The dad says, "I buy you shirts and you rip 'em? Here, let



me show you how you really rip a shirt!" And he rips it to shreds while it's still on the boy's skinny little body, then he throws the kid against the wall and says, "I'm sick of this place--you people really irritate me." So he runs out and goes drinking, and that's how he gets killed--he does the same thing to a grown man and the grown man just shoots him.

Then, when the kid grows up and steals Pa's watch, Pa gives him a choice of working for him or going to jail. Pa knows the guy was abused as a child, and he feels bad about that, but the guy still has to suffer the consequences of his actions just like everybody else. And when the guy refused to do the work, he thought Pa wouldn't do anything because he was the grandson of Pa's friend. But Pa put that bad boy in jail! That's what I like about Pa--he doesn't mess around. He told him he was gonna put him in jail and he did.

SHAUN: Yeah, I like the man. It was disturbing, though, how in any tense situation they had to call him sir. "Any of you kids seen my watch?" "No, sir." I never cottoned to that.

LISA: You're a guy, so you see that authority as a threat. I'm a girl, so I see it as, "Oh my, Pa's taking care of everything." I'll say "sir" to him!

SHAUN: That's very interesting. You're a healthy female.

LISA: You're probably worried that Pa will lock you in jail! He should, some of the things you do.

On *Court TV* they showed this program where petty criminals can choose to do community service instead of going to jail. This one petty criminal is scratching his forehead the whole time the program director was talking--but he was actually giving the guy the middle finger. It was really obvious. Then he interrupts: "You gotta give me sub-way tokens to get where we gotta do this shit." The program director was practically apologetic while he explains they don't give tokens. He didn't need to explain anything. All he needed to say was, "You go there then. Bye." But he was being nice. So the petty criminal goes, "Well I'm not goin' if you don't give me the tokens." And the director says they'll "work it out"--in other words, he's gonna give him the tokens! I thought, if that were Pa, he would just say, "OK--no community service for you." And

he would take him by the EAR and he would DRAG him straight to jail and put him in there. Pa would teach these people fast that you gotta be responsible for your actions.

SHAUN: I appreciate the strictness now, but I hated it when I was a kid. Now I wish there were people hanging from posts. How about a stoning every week.

LISA: Everyone was always dying on that show. Remember the old man who died? He had no friends except the preacher, and he was just visiting him because that's what you do when you're a preacher.

SHAUN: What happened?

LISA: He was just lying there with no friends and then he died. That's the whole story. Well, there's a little more to it--the preacher, upon seeing him die in that manner, had a fit of desperation and married at the age of 75. Mrs. Oleson got mad--she said it was scandalous--so she wrote some letters trying to get him

**"Her father was saying, 'You like those boys looking at you, don't you?' She said, 'No, Daddy, no, no.'"**

excommunicated. The head preacher of everything came to Walnut Grove to settle the matter, and then you find out that that head preacher had JILTED Mrs. Oleson in their youth, and that's why she's such a cranky person.

SHAUN: I see. There were a lot of weird things going on in the hospital. Farm accidents...

LISA: What hospital?

SHAUN: The hospital. Yeah, it was small and made out of logs, but it was the hospital.

LISA: You mean Doc's house?

SHAUN: Well, yeah, I guess it was Doc's house. Anyway, people were always ashen white and feverish and gangrenous...

LISA: And kids were always falling off horses and faking comas in order to wreak revenge on someone or other. Over and over kids would fall off a horse and pretend they were in a coma or paralyzed. Except Laura--she's so tough, when she fell off her horse, the horse died. Did you see the one where Nellie was faking being paralyzed and Laura shoved her down a hill in her wheelchair and Nellie fell face first in a swamp and her mother saw and almost had a heart attack and died?

SHAUN: That was intense. Another classic episode is when Albert smokes a cigar in the back and burns down the house and kills Mary's kids. They had to go to the funeral. He

DAME DARCY: There was this one episode about incest where one of the *Little House* boys was the boyfriend of some incest girl. Her father was saying [*slimy voice*], "You like those boys looking at you, don't you?" She said, "No, Daddy, no, no."

LISA: That's Shaun's favorite episode. The one that ended up in a huge pitchfork fight. Wait--maybe it's another one. 'Cause my mother was telling me about this incest one that she saw where the father got the daughter pregnant and she was hiding under all these voluminous clothes and she ran out in the storm and buried herself and came out after the storm all pale and bloody, so my mother thought she had given herself an abortion with a stick or something, or she had delivered the baby and sent it on downstream to Laura who she had been exchanging bottled messages with because her father wouldn't allow her to have friends.

DARCY: That's the one. I can't even believe that was a family show.

LISA: I know--it's so juicy you can't believe it, you're just going "gasp, gasp."

DARCY: Melissa Gilbert just got a nose job. I saw her doing a Halloween special--she played a ghost--and she was so bad. You could tell she's totally neurotic after that show. 'Cause everybody just thinks she's Laura. It's sad. If there's anyone I feel bad for in Hollywood it's Melissa Gilbert.

RACHEL JOHNSON: *Little House on the Prairie* was one of my first experiences of watching television, 'cause we didn't have a TV. I loved the books so much, and I wasn't pleased with how they adapted it. I remember one where Laura put apples in her chest trying to make boobs, and I was offended as a child. I said, "That is not in the book." It was much more racy than the book.

LISA JANNSEN: Michael Landon was a wifebeater and a power-hungry maniac. Everyone forgot that when he died, but I didn't!

LISA: Who was your favorite character?

JAINA DAVIS: I loved Mrs. Oleson.



a lot.

LISA: [shocked] You loved Mrs. Oleson?

JAINA: I love the whole Oleson family. They reminded me of an insane version of my family. They were just like my grandparents--the rich businessmen of South Dakota, and the physical similarities were there. Nellie was a fucking bitch. She was a spoiled little snooty brat and I always emulated her. Nellie was so damn fancy. Her hair! And she was funny...in a way.

My favorite episode of revenge was when Nellie invited all the rich spoiled girls to her fancy birthday party, and she invited Laura too just to make her jealous, and Laura was. So Laura invited all the town-girls out to her country party. She led all the girls in their beautiful little party clothes to take a walk by the river. Mary, the good girl, removes her shoes and very daintily walks along the side of the river, picking up her skirt, being careful not to let it touch the dewy grass. Laura, bad girl, leaps into the river and convinces all the other girls to get in too. Laura points out a "special place" to Nellie where it's the warmest and most pleasant spot to stand. Nellie goes for it and stands there a long time, very smug that she got the best spot. Then she runs screeching out of the water--she has leeches all over her legs!

LISA: That was great. And you're supposed to burn leeches off, but Laura lied and told Nellie and her friends you have to pull them off--actually that just makes the leeches hold on tighter and when you do pull them off blood spurts out. The girls were running screaming through the woods all the way home, ripping their dresses on the branches, with blood streaming down their legs, crying and filthy. And Laura was laughing so hard!

JAINA: Mary looked at her like, "You're so immature. I'm telling Ma." Mary was so damn proud of herself. She was so, so, so sorry that she went blind, but she had the COURAGE to go on and stay in her family's house playing organ for the rest of her life. I can't stand her! She always made Laura feel guilty for having a good time.

LISA: She followed every rule exactly.

killed his sister's kids.

LISA: It's funny how they keep repeating themes. I can think of three barn-burning episodes off the top of my head. One was a kid lit off a firecracker in the barn. Another

## **"The blacksmith came to rape her again and Albert went berserk and whacked him with a pitchfork."**

was a kid burned a barn down with a lantern by accident and it was blamed on the town racist, and the black guy on the jury was the only one that voted not-guilty.

SHAUN: There was a racist on *Little House On The Prairie*?

LISA: Yeah, that mean old man on the outskirts of town.

SHAUN: Back then in real life everyone was racist.

LISA: Michael Landon was the executive producer; he changed the book sometimes to get his own points across. In the book, Pa's idea of a real fun time was to organize a minstrel show. All the townsfolk thought it was the funniest thing they'd ever seen. Minstrels and spelling bees--the two ways to have a good time in Walnut Grove.

What gods would each character represent?

SHAUN: Pa is the war god. He's like Zeus. A kindly but stern father--he has the lightning bolt. He knows what's going on. Ma would be the earth. They found Albert living under a porch in an alley. What happened to his parents?

LISA: They died. He ran away from the orphanage when he was eight and survived by stealing.

SHAUN: I guess he would be Satan then. Lying, stealing and cheating.

LISA: What kind of a god is *that*?

SHAUN: A fun one.

LISA: Nils Oleson would be that guy that pushes the rock up the hill over and over and it rolls back down on him. Mrs. Oleson is the rock. Oh! His name is Sisyphus! Isn't that perfect?

SHAUN: Yeah--he's definitely the sissy boy.

LISA: Sometimes he stood up for himself.

SHAUN: Very seldom.

LISA: He was a good man, he was just weak. With the right woman he would have been strong.

SHAUN: You kinda get what you need. So I guess he needed what Mrs. Oleson had to give.

LISA: In those days you were stuck with whoever you married. He wasn't tricky enough to make the situation work for him, and he wasn't strong enough fight his way out of it either. He was a truly tragic character.

SHAUN: Ha, ha, ha!

LISA: What, you don't think it was tragic?

SHAUN: Totally. When he went cheating I felt so

happy for him--the woman was nice to him, he had so much fun, he said he felt so young. They were dancing around the parlor...

LISA: He had an affair? That's shocking.

SHAUN: I had to go to work so I couldn't see the end of it. She was cityfolk. She was Irish, she loved to dance. She turned out to be a whore--he walked in on her kissing another man...her brother or something.

LISA: He was kind of handsome except he had that tragic look in his eyes.

SHAUN: The worn and beaten look.

LISA: He coveted Laura. As a symbol of goodness. I think it was Kierkegaard who said comparison is the source of all unhappiness. He was always comparing his entire family to Laura and they would come up short.

Hey, did you see the one where Mrs. Oleson forced Mr. Oleson to install the new-fangled toilet? She started to pull the cord and Mr. Oleson said, "Don't pull it yet! It's not ready!" But she did, and all the toilet water went all over her face.

SHAUN: Excellent. Her daughter [Nellie] disturbed me. Certain females have a certain look. She reminded me of cottage cheese.

LISA: She looked kind of normal, but at the same time it was like she was one step away from being deformed.

SHAUN: Mary looked weird too.

LISA: She looked like an alien.

SHAUN: I didn't like Laura either.

LISA: I thought you would--she's such a prankster.

SHAUN: I've never liked redheads. Plus her last name is gross--Gilbert. Sounds like a burp.

LISA: Are you this hard to please in real life?

SHAUN: No. It's just all three girls are... The thing is, I like a strange skull structure, but certain ones are disturbing.

LISA: Well, it's true Melissa Gilbert [who played Laura] doesn't seem like the type guys would have a crush on.

SHAUN: Rob Lowe went out with her.



LISA: Well, in real life you can't help it sometimes. You end up with someone and it surprises you.

Pa and Ma were always working so hard they'd pass out.

SHAUN: I hate the work ethic [demonstrated on *Little House*]. That's another part of the show I didn't like--working. I mean horribly so--working so hard they'd *pass out*! I think it's unhealthy to wake up before you want to. I think it's completely cruel.

LISA: So get a night job. It's funny I have the work ethic and you don't, and I don't have to have a job now and you do. It's one of life's little jokes.

SHAUN: Yeah. This old man from Ireland moved here because he likes the work ethic. He hated the Irish because they're too lazy. He works *constantly*. I'm like, "Don't you have any *fun*?"

LISA: For me, working constantly *is* fun.

SHAUN: Yeah, you do your magazine--you like to do it.

LISA: Yes, but I can just imagine plowing the fields for 14 hours straight. I haven't actually done it, but I think I would like it. I like to work hard and horde bags of flour and sugar...

SHAUN: You like to horde flour?

LISA: Boyd's always trying to stop me in the grocery store. I'm always wanting to buy more and more flour...

SHAUN: "The crops might not be good next year, Boyd, we need more flour."

LISA: That's exactly it. I always have this feeling of impending doom. Like the crops will fail and everyone who hasn't hoarded will starve, even though the food industry isn't like *Little House* anymore. I guess that feeling is what causes there to be a work ethic in a person. I like how poor they were for some reason. When the girls needed new shoes they couldn't afford them so they went to the Olesons' store to buy them on credit. Mrs. Oleson said, "Oh, you want *charity*? Why don't I give you some of Nellie's old castoffs." Ma said, "I don't want charity. I want to buy them on credit--we can pay you when the crops come in." Mrs. Oleson said, "No, you want charity. Why don't you admit it--you're beggars. And beggars can't be choosers." So they left the store proudly, with no shoes. And Laura needed new shoes for her horse Bunny, so she was working in a stable to pay for the horse shoes. Nellie comes by and says, "You're a stinky stable

girl." Pa told Laura, "There's never any shame in a job well done, no matter what the job." And I thought, oh, Pa, you're right. Pa said, "Nellie can buy anything she wants and you can't. That's why the Lord gave you gifts with which you can get anything you need in life: He gave you determination, imagination and a strong body." I thought, yeah, me too! I'm a stinky welfare kid now, but I have determination and imagination and a strong body, and if I work hard enough, I can get everything I want. And I worked hard all my life and now I'm getting a big, huge book advance from Holt. That show is

## "Her last words were, 'I'll always love you, Albert.'"

inspiring in so many ways. Especially when I was pregnant and emotional.

SHAUN: That must be incredible--to watch it when you're pregnant.

LISA: It would end right around the time Boyd wakes up. I'd go in to the bed and want to be a good wife, just like Ma. I'd say, "Can I bring you anything? Can I be faithful to you?" So Boyd really liked the show, even though he's never seen it!

When Pa's business failed and they were uprooted from their home and had to go to the awful city, instead of upbraiding him, Ma said, "I don't mind moving to the city. Wherever you and the children are, that's my home."

What made you start watching it

JAINA: [*hateful voice*] And she was blind but she could crochet LACE. Remember when Mary was trying to pretend she was getting her sight back? Stupid bitch. I hate her. I remember the music swelling as she walked over to the window and looked up toward the sun with hope in her eyes...and it turned out she just felt the heat, she wasn't seeing any light.

LISA: They had her cry every episode 'cause she's such a good crier.

JAINA: And her stupid [*blind*] husband...why do both of them have piercing blue eyes? They're blind so all of a sudden their eyes got really bright?

And Michael Landon--my whole body goes into convulsions when I hear his name.

LISA: You know what Michael Landon's real name was? Eugene Orowitz. Can you believe Pa is Eugene Orowitz?

JAINA: Pa is Scottish!

LISA: Michael Landon's mother was an Irish Catholic who hated Jews and his father was a Jew who hated Irish Catholics. His mother would chase him--Michael--around the neighborhood with a knife and tell him that God wanted him dead. After that, he *had* to make *Little House on the Prairie*.

JAINA: He's an awful man. He used the *Little House* books for his own purposes--as a mouthpiece

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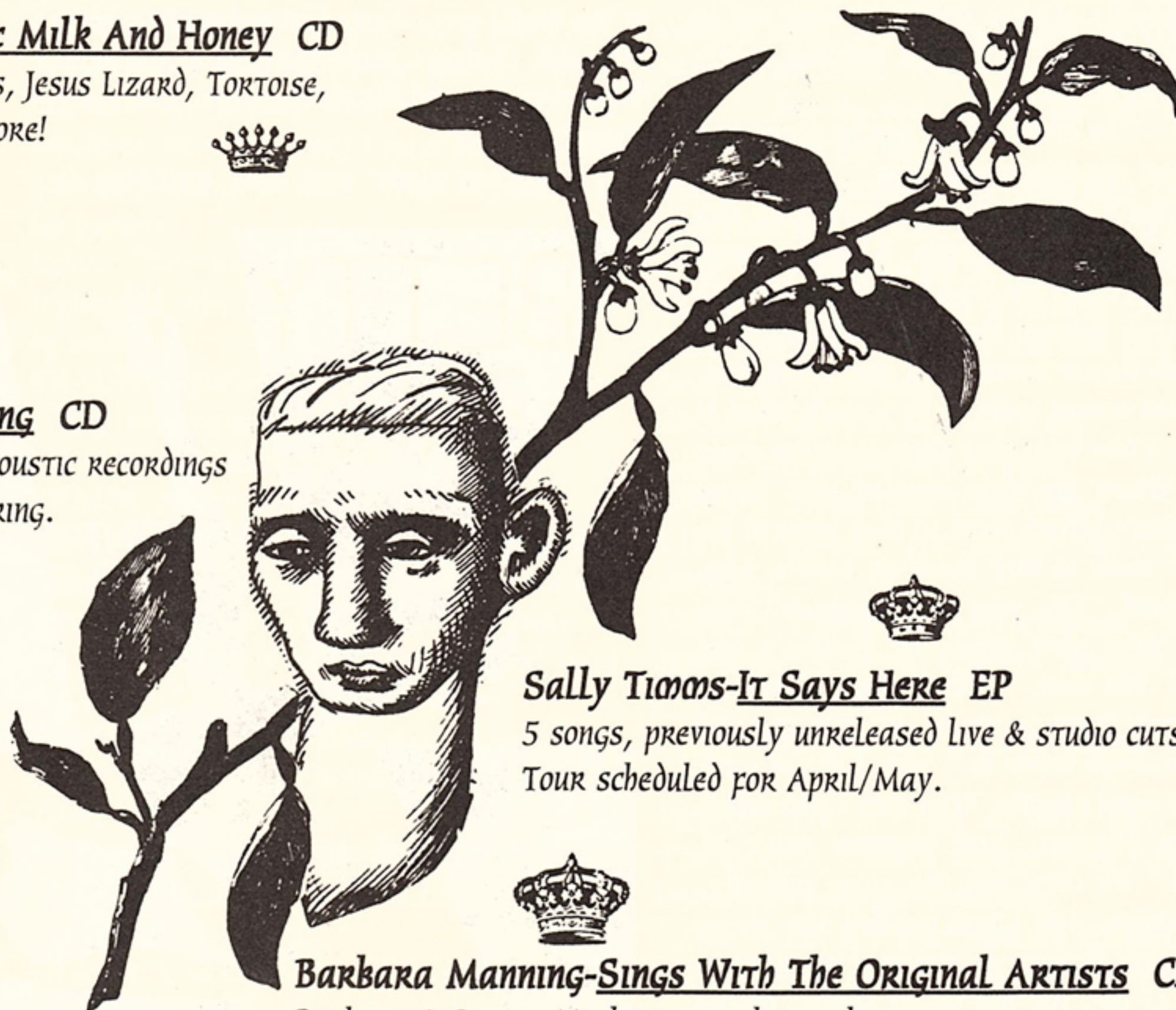
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the TV room, and I had the clicker, so they had to watch what I wanted to watch. *Little House on the Prairie* came on, and Michael Landon had

just died. All these people were saying: "Hey there's that gu-u-uy!" "Hey that guy just died!" "Yeah he's DEAD now!" I expected not to like the show as an adult, but it was really good.

LISA: What did the other people think of it?

SHAUN: They couldn't do anything 'cause they knew that I had the clicker.

LISA: What was your family life like when you were growing up?

SHAUN: For punishment I would have to do yardwork, and my father would take pictures as a joke. Some girls would beat me up and he'd take pictures. I hated it then, but now I love it because it made me realize I have to take care of myself.

LISA: Why did those girls beat you up?

SHAUN: One time they were making fun of me because I was selling hats, and they beat me up.

LISA: Did your dad take those photos for his private pleasure or were they for him to rub your nose in?

SHAUN: For his private pleasure, must have been, because I didn't see these photos till ten years later in a box. We'd go to the zoo

## Almonzo saved the town but lost his toes.

and he'd always manage to take pictures only of the diseased animals. With tumors or broken, bleeding noses. I have one of those pictures in my room. I have another picture of me holding my head and crying and my sister looking up at me--my father had just swung me around the room by my hair to punish me for losing a fight.

LISA: Do you consider that child abuse?

SHAUN: No! At the time it just irritated me. But looking back--my father's a very violent person and he could have easily just knocked the shit out of me and he never did. So, given his character, he was actually very mellow with us. I consider what my mother did child abuse because she's just stupid. When someone's stupid, it's dangerous. My mom flashed her vagina at me once. She found out my dad had been cheating, so she goes, "Yeah, you want this, Ja-a-ames?" and pulled up her skirt and *opened the thing up*. I was sitting on the couch next to him.

LISA: Do you remember what it looked like?

SHAUN: It was *brown*. It was sick. It was this meaty brown slit. Sparse reddish hair.



for his morality...and to glorify himself. He deserved his painful death in the ass.

LISA: What--he died of ass cancer?

JAINA: Uh-huh. [*gleefully*] He was in great pain before he died. Oh, I shouldn't say that!

LISA: You have been so horrible in this *Little House* discussion.

JAINA: Well it brings up violent emotions. It's so dramatic and so glorious. It's so awful!

There's so many good stories! Remember the grasshopper plague? And remember when Almonzo saved the town but lost his toes?

LISA: One time blackbirds came by the thousands and ate all the crops. Pa shot 'em. So they lost the crops, but they had blackbird pie all winter. Ma fried them in their own fat. Can you imagine actually living during those times? I'd say, "I'm *tired* of blackbird pie." Ma would say, "This is all your food for the day." All those people living in two rooms...

JAINA: I always wondered--did Ma and Pa have sex in the same room as the kids?

LISA: I wondered that too. Can you imagine Nils and Harriet Oleson doing it?

JAINA: I keep imagining her in a dominatrix rubber suit.

LISA: Really? I think she would hate it. I think she would lie there with her corset still on and her teeth clenched and say, "OK, Nils--do your duty."

One time I saw Pa without his shirt on. There was sweat all over him. He was chopping wood. And I was shocked--he was *built*. He's weird-looking. He has this *long* jaw. Much longer than need be for chewing food.

JAINA: What do you think jaws like that are for?

LISA: I guess for looking studly but rather frightening.

What did you think of Ma?

JAINA: She's so *proud* of Mary. And she's so *patient*, so condescendingly patient with Laura.

LISA: She was such a good wife and she worked so hard and, you know, she had her troubles too. One time a guy asked her to have an affair with him. She sharply rebuked him, and later that night,



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with Pa, she burst into tears. I thought, 'This woman has to deal with life with all its corruption, and she's so angelic it doesn't seem fair.' She almost seems like she shouldn't be alive.

JAINA: [silence]

LISA: I'm not impressing you with Ma's goodness, am I? You're thinking, 'That bitch--I wish she'd die of ass cancer too.'

JAINA: Yeah, get it over with.

But I did really like the way Ma's eyes sparkled when she'd say, "Oh Charles!" and hug him and kiss him 'cause he'd done something heroic.

LISA: What was the saddest thing you ever saw on *Little House*?

JAINA: I was pretty sad when that girl sold her long, beautiful hair so she could buy a dress for her mother. But mostly on *Little House* I remember a lot of vengeful retri-

bution and bitterness. I was obsessed with the rivalry between Laura and Nellie. It was the hard-working bad girl troublemaker versus the prissy, pampered rich girl, and I identified with both of them--it was my internal struggle. The question was should I give in to my heiress life and all that that entailed? There was something so sassy and glamorous about the Olesons. They had complex parlor games going on--there was intrigue. Foreigners visited them, amazing businessmen visited them. They got to eat oranges every now and then, and everybody else in town was jealous of their oranges.

LISA: Do you think Mrs. Oleson was happy?

JAINA: No.

LISA: Seemed like whatever she had, she wanted more more more. But she did get *awfully* gleeful sometimes.

JAINA: She always had glee when something horrible happened to other people.

LISA: When she took over the newspaper she wrote nasty things about all her neighbors, reporting it as if it were news. She'd write: "So-and-so, it is rumored, had a MISCARRIAGE because she was working too hard. The doctor told her to stop, but since her husband fails to bring home a steady pay--as he's always gallivanting off IMBIBING in devil's brew--and being as how she wanted money for NEW, IMPORTED, HUSSY SHOES, which she COULDN'T AFFORD, she WOULDN'T stop working. Looks like God punished her!"

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1. As a child, he was a shy runt, a bedwetter with secret heroic dreams. Dug a cave near his house--stocked it with canned goods and sat in there fantasizing that he was a comic book hero fighting the Nazis.
2. His first time on stage--at age 14, playing a Japanese houseboy--he was so excited he accidentally broke the leading man's arm.
3. First film he starred in was "I Was a Teen-age Werewolf."
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# Violence in the Tamed

## Blueberry Hamster Tale

by Rich Polysorbate 60

My orange and white hamster was quite tame until he got wet tail, a common hamster disease--at that point he would lunge at my hand as it entered his Habitrail, baring his needle-like teeth. His bottom bloated out like a nightmare case of hemorrhoids, inflamed and moist, dragging on the ground, getting pieces of wood chips stuck to it. The Habitrail became messier and a vile, ammonia-fecal odor began to permeate from his living quarters onto mine. I felt hopeless about this, and guilty because I was more reluctant than ever to thoroughly clean his cage out due to the numerous bites my fingers had suffered.

I can't recall which came first; thoughts of putting him out of his misery by way of toilet flushing or the weird, paranoid dreams. In one dream, the hamster became larger and larger from wet tail juice till the plastic cage started to snap and break open, sending sharp splinters of plastic towards my face like tiny daggers. In another, I would hear a piercing screech like it was violently dying. My flashlight would reveal a tiny, dark man inside the cage instead of my hamster. This tiny man had reflective, yellow eyes and left bloodstains on the plastic walls where it pressed itself.

I put the hamster in my sister's vacant room next to mine. I could still hear him late at night gnawing on the wire mesh bottom of his cage and running on his creaky wheel. As long as I could hear him I was assured that he was at least in his Habitrail. I was convinced that he was plotting to escape to make it back into my room and bite my testicles while I slept or chew off my lips then burrow down my throat when I awoke to scream.

He became more sluggish, though still quick to bite. I believed this was a trick, to make me less careful about keeping

his Habitrail locked. I moved his cage into my sister's closet.

Eventually I came to the conclusion that it would be best for both of us if I just let him free. At least he wouldn't be spending his agonizing hours in a filthy cage with a dripping (now broken) water bottle inside a dark closet. I did this and felt relieved. The next day my cat (going blind and aging) came up to me with a gift in its mouth. It was the hamster.

I placed his body into a plastic bag and anointed him with blueberry-scented oil. I dug a small hole in the back yard by the Eucalyptus tree and placed his body inside. I planted Datura over his burial mound as a sort of guardian caretaker.

A couple of days later my cat began to act strange; jolting around and shooting up a tree, second eye started to get milky, and its voice seemed higher than usual.

At night I would awake and smell a slight wiff of that blueberry oil. When I awoke at day it would be gone. I checked the grave. Nothing had touched it. Dreams about suffocation and

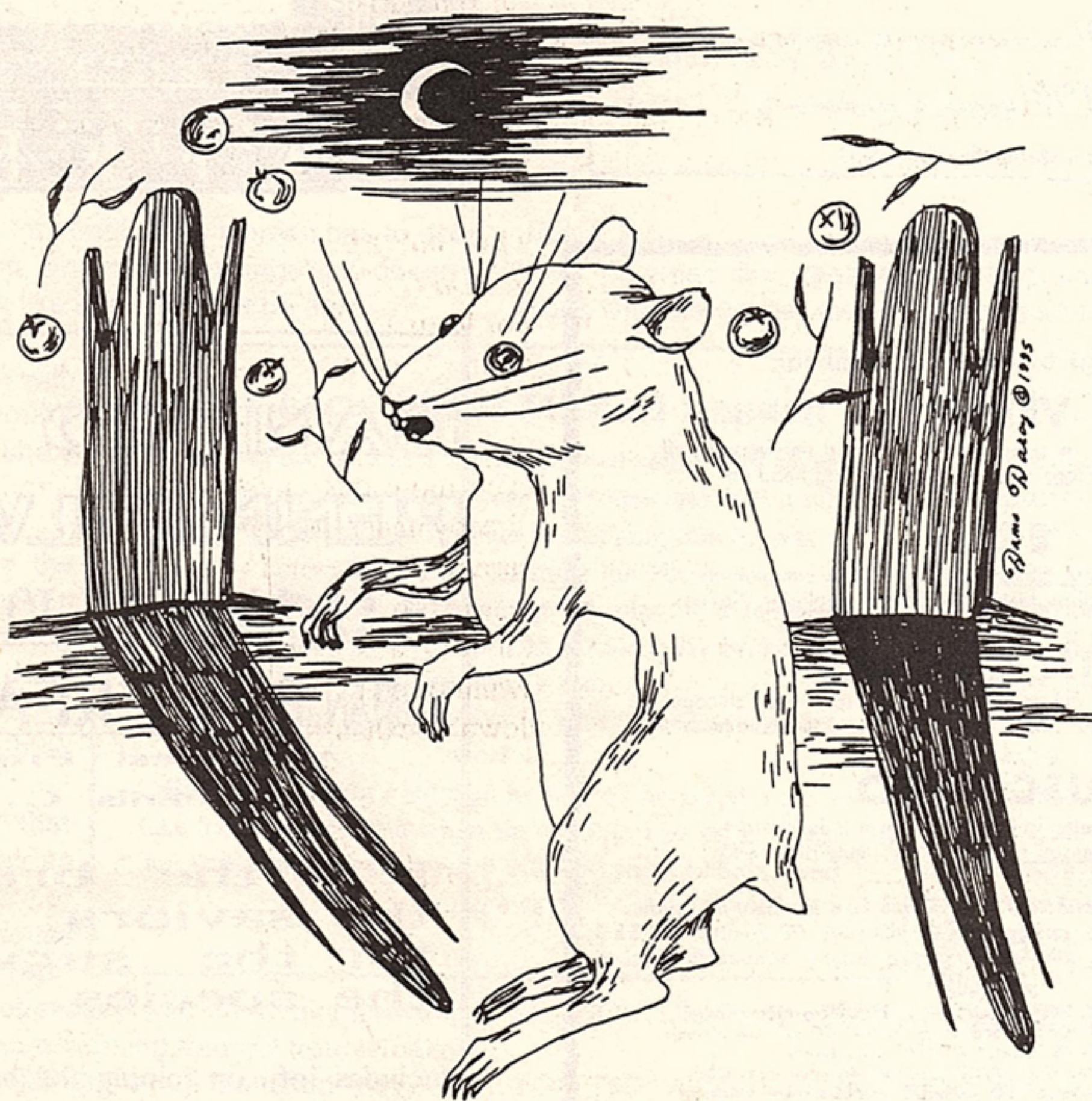
choking started to occur as they had when I was five years old. One night as I was drifting into sleep I saw a small form scamper across the rug and scrape at the door. I bolted up in a cold sweat and remained paralyzed for ten seconds or so. Hamsters began to seem very insidious and unwholesome. I imagined angry, hateful hamster eyes peering at me in the dark, just out of reach, waiting for me to become crippled so they could swarm around me with their blueberry essence mixed with dirt and decay.

To this day blueberries remind me of death. The Datura never did grow. In my room, today, is a

taxidermied orange and white hamster in an alert pose, a little plastic girl and a pile of teeth at its feet.

## Sparky

by Vernon Stoltz





# Animal Kingdom

My sister has had a couple brain tumors and as a result her coordination is not too good. One morning her small, wiry cocker spaniel --Sparky-- woke up and the whole rear half of his body was paralyzed. He could drag himself



around on his front legs for short distances, but had no control of his bowel movements. The vet highly recommended putting Sparky to sleep, but my sister couldn't bring herself to do it. She said that she herself had been in some very rough physical conditions and people had stuck by her, so she felt it was only right for Sparky to have someone to stick up for him. The next few weeks she cleaned up after Sparky and took care of him. After a while Sparky regained some use of his legs, and finally he could stagger around a little bit on his own. My dad said it was funny to watch my sister and Sparky walk side by side--both wobbled so much.

## The Dance

by Joshua Dylan Mills

My step-sister Carrie and I were always getting our saint bernard Brandy to do tricks. My favorite was to tell her to lie down in front of the TV and use her as a pillow. One day Carrie, after repeatedly being told not to, was teaching Brandy to "dance." Poor faithful Brandy did her best to keep up with her mistress' lead in a waltz, and in the process fell backwards breaking her back. She died on the way to the vet's.

Four months later our welsh corgi Sanford was playing alone in the driveway and someone pressed the buzzer to open the gate and Sanford was caught underneath it. Literally, it ripped open his stomach. He died two days later.

It's 18 years later now and I still miss those dogs.



## Kittens And Lampreys

by Sebastian Goodrich

My friend Wade Badger grew up in the Trinity Alps. His trailer didn't have electricity or running water until he was 16.

They had lots of cats which they couldn't afford to get neutered. Instead, Wade's father would put each fresh litter and a rock in a burlap sack and toss it into the river. One summer day we were swimming in the swimming hole when we

spied a burlap sack wedged between some rocks in the deepest part of the hole. Wade dove down and retrieved the sack, opening it on shore. From within the decomposing kittens emerged lampreys! Wade sent me to a shack to get some big mason jars, into which he placed the lampreys for future review.

## The Sad But Perhaps Just Fate Of Ratticus The Rat

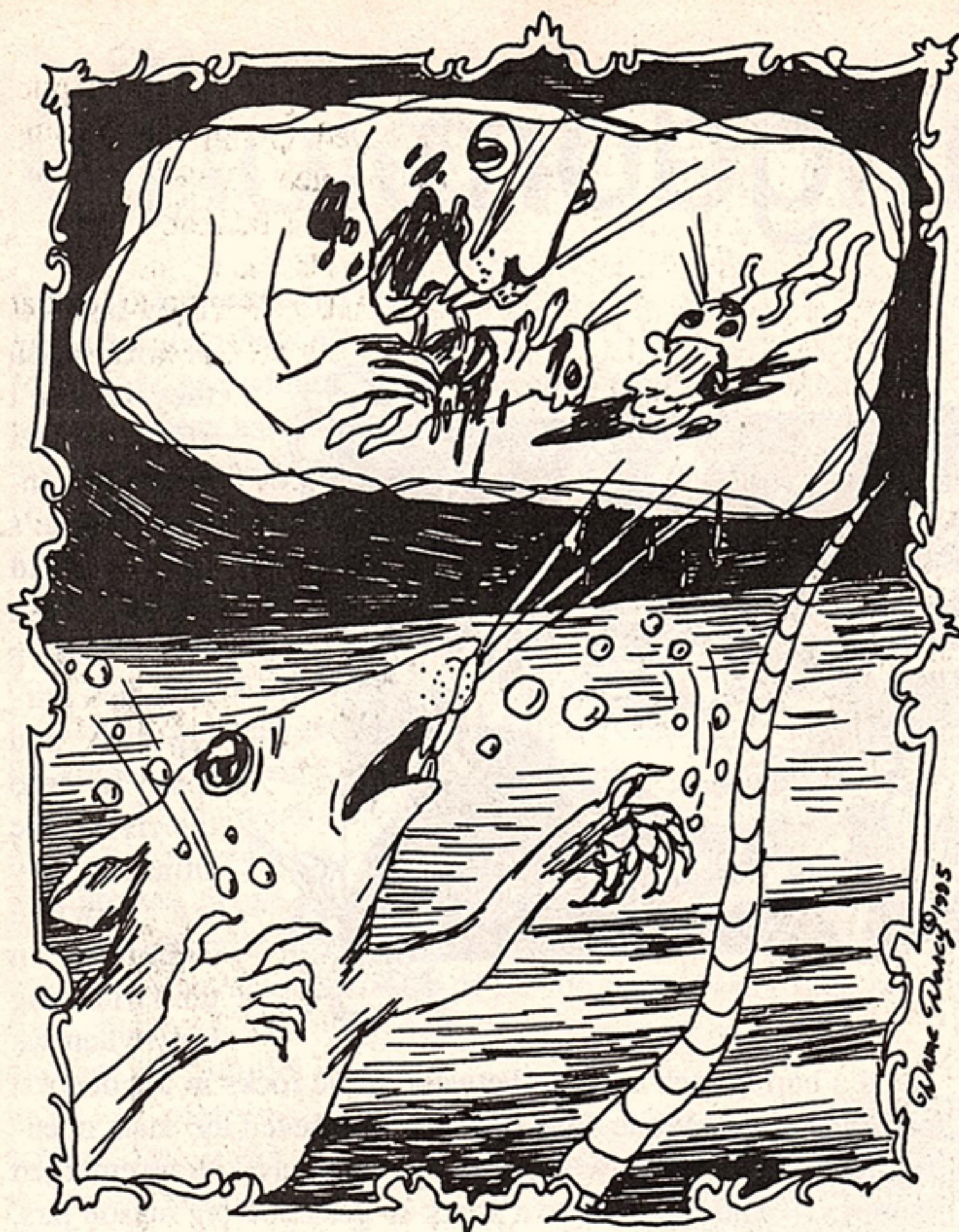
by Lisa C. Carver

For Ratticus the rat, fate came in the form of my friend Chris' mother's barn drain pipe, where he was being babysat while I was away.

It wasn't much of a rain that did Ratticus in--hardly even more than a sprinkle, Chris told me. But Ratticus was directly under the drain pipe, and all the water collected from the barn roof came rushing into his cage. It was a wire cage with a plastic tray bottom. The tray was less than two inches high, and Ratticus was a big rat, but he drowned anyway. He must've swum or clung upright to the wires as long as he could, sinking down in exhaustion after who knows how many hours of fight-







ing for his life (miserable life though it had been), the water just barely covering his nostrils, and died.

I never liked that rat. He was dumb and vicious. He had received no stimulation in his youth. A girl named Kelly England raised him. Her mother wouldn't allow her to have a rat, so she hid Ratticus in her closet, almost never taking him out to play, until one day the horrified mother walked in on him, at which point he became my rat.

There wasn't much to say about Ratticus once he was gone. He had had no children, no friends, and no fun. He just sat in his cage all day with his ugly eyes and a vacant expression on his rat face. But as he took in that last gulp of water, perhaps there flashed before his eyes his one night of revelry. The night he murdered every single one of my sweet baby gerbils.

I used to let my gerbils out to roam the house. One night Ratticus--in his one and only show of cunning--somehow opened his cage door in order to do the deed. I found them stacked up in the back of the closet days later. He had eaten a different part of each baby: the brain of one, the bowels of another, the buttocks of a third.... Five baby gerbils in all. When Ratticus finally stopped struggling against the water, and the darkness began closing in, what a sweet memory those murders must have made.

### The Farm

by Peter Stinson

When I was a kid, age ten or so, I would visit my friend's dairy farm in the summer. I liked it because there were a lot of ani-

mals and always something to do.

Every day, we helped out with the chores, milking the cows and feeding the pigs. After that, we might give a little milk to the barn cats and their kittens. Then we would take a pitcher of that fresh, hot cows' milk into the house for breakfast. On corn flakes and in hot cocoa.

In the afternoons, we practised with the pellet gun. This was another thing you couldn't do in the city. But we got tired of shooting at bottles and cans and started looking for moving targets. I confess we shot at birds, frogs, fish, rabbits and groundhogs. We didn't always hit 'em, but we killed our fair share.

Soon we were looking for bigger game. There was a big mean hog who lived in the orchard by himself because he was just so ornery. We shot him in the ass one time with the pellet gun. We couldn't hurt his tough pig skin, but he felt it and turned around and looked, but we were hiding. Then we shot him in the big balls. He really jumped that time.

One hot day when the adults had gone off somewhere, we took our clothes off and ran around the farm naked. It felt great. We went into the barn to see what it felt like to jump nude in the hay. I was feeling a bit sexual and there was a very young calf and I wondered what his tongue would feel like on my cock. I put my slightly stiff pecker in the calf's mouth and he pulled it so hard it hurt. The little calf's tongue had an amazing grip. I managed to get it out of there before he sucked it right off my body.

### The Zoo

by Graeme Thomson

I never liked the zoo. The predators were sedate. The real spectacle was the people pointing and laughing at the animals and yelling and eating and making a mess. Here, among the patrons, were the origins of the mythological monsters that had stirred my imagination; ogres, dwarves, harpies.... The only thing I ever liked about the zoo is the girls deemed it a good place to walk around holding hands.

Zoos began in the mid-1800s in Paris and London for the convenience of zoology students. By the end of the 19th century, zoos had spread throughout Europe and the New World, and they were opened to the public. The public rejoiced in spectacle, and if it wasn't as exciting as they wished, they would spice things up by rioting. They screamed taunts and threw rocks at the animals. This behavior would seem a regression to a more savage time, but the Colosseum and the Circus Maximus were more equitable in

### Couple gets 6 years as rat bites kill baby

FULLERTON, Calif. — A homeless couple whose 4-month-old son died after their pet rat bit the child more than 110 times was sentenced yesterday to six years in prison by a judge who called them callously indifferent parents who cared more about getting high on drugs than caring for their son.

The judge also lashed out at county social workers who failed to intervene despite repeated complaints about the parents and their filthy living conditions — including a plea for help from the baby's grandparents before the death.

Kathleen Giguere wept silently while her husband, Steven Sr., buried his face in his hands as the judge rejected requests for probation and drug treatment for their child-neglect conviction.



meting out cruelty to humans, including the spectators, whereas zoos offer no threat to the patrons. A Moscow zookeeper at the turn of the century leaves this account: "All day long a huge, annoying and rowdy crowd paraded before the cages. This crowd, which would have been panic-stricken by the sight of a single one of these beasts uncaged, delighted in seeing them so disarmed, humiliated and debased. The mob avenged its own cowardice with boorish calls and shakes of the animals' chains, while the keepers' protests were countered by the incontestable reply, 'I paid for it'." Just as people would slip alcohol to insane asylum inmates for a better show, visitors to the zoo would slip the primates knives with which to play. Even more fun was had feeding the animals glass, wood and other harmful matter.

**Dear Lisa,**  
by Alex Behr

At first I thought of depressing or offcolor anecdotes: Matt's cat Boner who had feline acne that had to be popped, the Iowan chickens that used to pee on Matt's hand when he collected eggs, my next-door neighbor in Virginia who got bored with the fish I gave her so she stopped feeding them and let them eat each other.... Instead, I'm sending the following poem found at the place we stayed in Juneau, Alaska, hanging among the framed photographs and loving tributes to deceased dogs decorating the front porch.

*Bear (1982-1993)*

God saw that he was getting tired and a cure was not to be.  
So he put his arms around him and whispered, "Come with me."  
With tearful eyes we watched him suffer and fade away.  
Although we loved him dearly we could not make him stay.  
A golden heart stopped beating, a curly tail was laid to rest.  
God broke our hearts to prove to us He only takes the best.

**Sunday Tom**  
by Dame Darcy

My gerbil Sunday Tom tried to escape so bad. All he ever did was try to escape--that's all his life was. I loved him so much, I loved to play with him. But all night long you could hear his toenails scratching on the bottom of the metal cage, trying to get out, or pushing against the door trying to get out. One evening he did escape, but his tail caught in the door and it ripped in half. We finally found him crouched in the bottom of the pan closet. He was totally bloody and flipped out. He was just this mangled mess.

After that he started to get fat, so I decided not to feed him for three days, because he was just *too* fat. And after three

days he was almost dead! He was shivering like an epileptic. Then I felt so bad and guilty and I stayed up all night nursing him with this bottle and crying. But he died anyway. I buried him, and played Taps on my harmonica at his funeral.

Shortly thereafter, I got my tonsils taken out. While I was in the hospital, my brother dug Sunday Tom up to look at his bones. When I found this out I couldn't talk. I was making these high-pitched squealing noises.



### Guinea Pig Story

by Garry James Hough

Dee Dee and Ben were my sister's and my guinea pigs. After Dee Dee had her first litter, I placed Ben in the section of the hutch where she and her babies were corralled. Ben showed little interest in his children. Instead, he immediately began to purr and to vibrate as he cruised around Dee Dee then jumped atop her. She squealed, "Weee! Weee! Weee!" I pulled Ben off of her and he BIT me. I ran for my mother, and she explained the facts of life to me.

On sunny days, I'd let Dee Dee and Ben and their children root through mom's flower beds. During one of those times, I went inside to get a boardgame and when I returned the pack was in disarray. Across the street, the neighbors' black lab had Ben in its jaws. I charged the dog and it dropped Ben before it bolted for home. I picked up my murdered stud and gave



chase. My eyes fixed on a rake leaning against the neighbors' house as I stood before the dog. Ben would be avenged.

Before I could act, the old neighbor lady came out and quietly urged, "Don't."

"I HATE YOU!" I raged.

"I don't blame you," she said, and her calm deflated my bloodlust. I shambled home to bury Ben.

I should have returned to make peace with the old lady. She wasn't evil and neither was her dog. In fact, she saved me from the stigma of having beaten the neighbors' dog to death. But I never did thank her. I never spoke to her again.

### Wild Animal Story

by Claudia

My religious baby sitter Melanie told me she had a squirrel that she had brought home from a camping trip a few days before. It was in a box the size of a hope chest with holes cut in it. She lifted the lid a bit and let me look in. The squirrel was terrified and huddled in a corner of the box. I wanted to touch the squirrel, and of course that thing bit my hand as fast as I could get it in there. I shook my



hand and screamed, but its pent up rage and fear wouldn't let it release its tiny jaws. I guess my parents weren't too worried, because I never got a rabies test.

### The Incident

by Devon Michael Christiansen

One day I heard coming from the basement an insane roar. Soon my father emerged and sat down on his recliner, finishing his drink and watching TV, still spluttering about the "son of a bitch bastard motherfucking goddam kittens" that lived in a box in the basement. I noticed there was gore on his right shoe, and so I got a flashlight and went down into the basement to investigate. One of the kittens in the box was having a seizure--his head was crushed, blood spurting out. The other kittens were hissing and mewling in terror, the mother cat pacing and licking the dying kitten. Apparently my father had inadvertently stepped in the box while reaching for a tool.

I told my 12-year-old brother Doriel--who is a hunting nut--and he, with relish, brought the kitten out into the back yard to shoot it. I remember how greedily he went to fetch his rifle.

### Dogs I Have Known

by John F. Kelly



Two survivors of "The Incident"



*Ramsey.* As we were late for church, we pushed Ramsey out of the car and sped off. After about half a mile, we noticed a tinkling noise, like the sound of a chain leash dragging on the road. That's just what it was. We put the car in reverse and found him about 100 yards back. It seems that Ramsey had gotten his leash caught in the door and had valiantly attempted to keep up with our car as my dad raced off to church. Other than severely cut paws, he suffered no injuries.

*Pickles.* One night Mr. Whalers, our neighbor, frustrated by his dog Pickles' barking, wrapped duct tape around the dog's snout in order to shut him up. It worked, but when the tape was removed, it tore off all the fur on Pickles' nose.

*Cinder* liked to roll around in dog poop. One particularly bad outing caused the whole neighborhood to complain. The owner, George Lux, decided to clean Cinder by giving him a bath in Liquid Drano. The dog was so badly burned that it had an open, oozing sore on its back until the day it died. (Death was caused by injection after Cinder bit a baby on the face.)

*Waggles* ate everything he was able to get his teeth on, including shoes, GI Joes, the screen door, comic books, his food dish, my grandmother's expensive fur hat, a frozen ham, and the garden hose. When Waggles ate an entire box of crayons, he left multi-colored turds all over the house.

### A Horrible Story

by Kristin Young

I should've told on this guy because he is the most horrible example of humankind I have ever encountered. I know you probably can't print his name, but I'll tell you in case you ever run into him: It's Peter Blumeyer.

The story I'm about to relate occurred during a drive along a country road in Florida. In the station wagon were Mr. and Mrs. Blumeyer, their daughters Nelse and Ellen, another young friend and myself. Up ahead was a rusty, one-vehicle-at-a-time drawbridge which two young boys were fishing off of. Their medium-sized, spotted, obviously old mutt hound kept trotting across the bridge from one boy to the other. Peter was driving about ten miles per hour.

We all knew Peter was going to try to smash this dog. His wife just stared at him with her Memphis Debutante mask on while the four girls began crying and screamed, "Don't run over the dog!" Peter kept going at the same speed, saying, "See? You can't stop on drawbridges. See the sign? You can't stop on a bridge."

Not only did he hit the dog, he ran completely over it, very slowly and meticulously. I can still feel the dogs bones crunching underneath the front, then the rear tires. The boys just stood by the rails of the bridge with their mouths hanging open. When he had run over the dog to his satisfaction, he stopped and collected it and offered the boys a ride home. The dog was laid out in the trunk on newspapers. Its tongue was completely sliced in half and its body looked caved-in. He wasn't dead yet--he was still breathing these quick little gasps.

The boys told Peter where they lived; it was a shack resting on bricks not too far from the bridge. They took the dying dog and we left. Peter had given them money for their trouble. The entire event must have excited him greatly, for that



night he relentlessly forced his foot between our legs--including his own daughters--and vibrated it, calling it "Chinese Water Torture."

Peter Blumeyer, a stockbroker, later divorced Mrs. Blumeyer for a secretary

20 years his junior. As far as I know, he is still living a charmed life in Naples, Florida.

Unsigned animal drawings: John Porcellino

Titles of Darcy's drawings: Spooky hamster that smelled of rot and blueberries; Kitten and lampreys; Ratticus drowning and thinking of his only deed in life; Victorians giving knives to the monkeys for fun.

Photos (opposite and overleaf): Devon Christiansen

Thanks to everyone who sent their stories in. Next issue will feature first love stories. How did you meet, how did it end, what qualities kept you entranced in between? Tell your tale to me by 12 August 1995.

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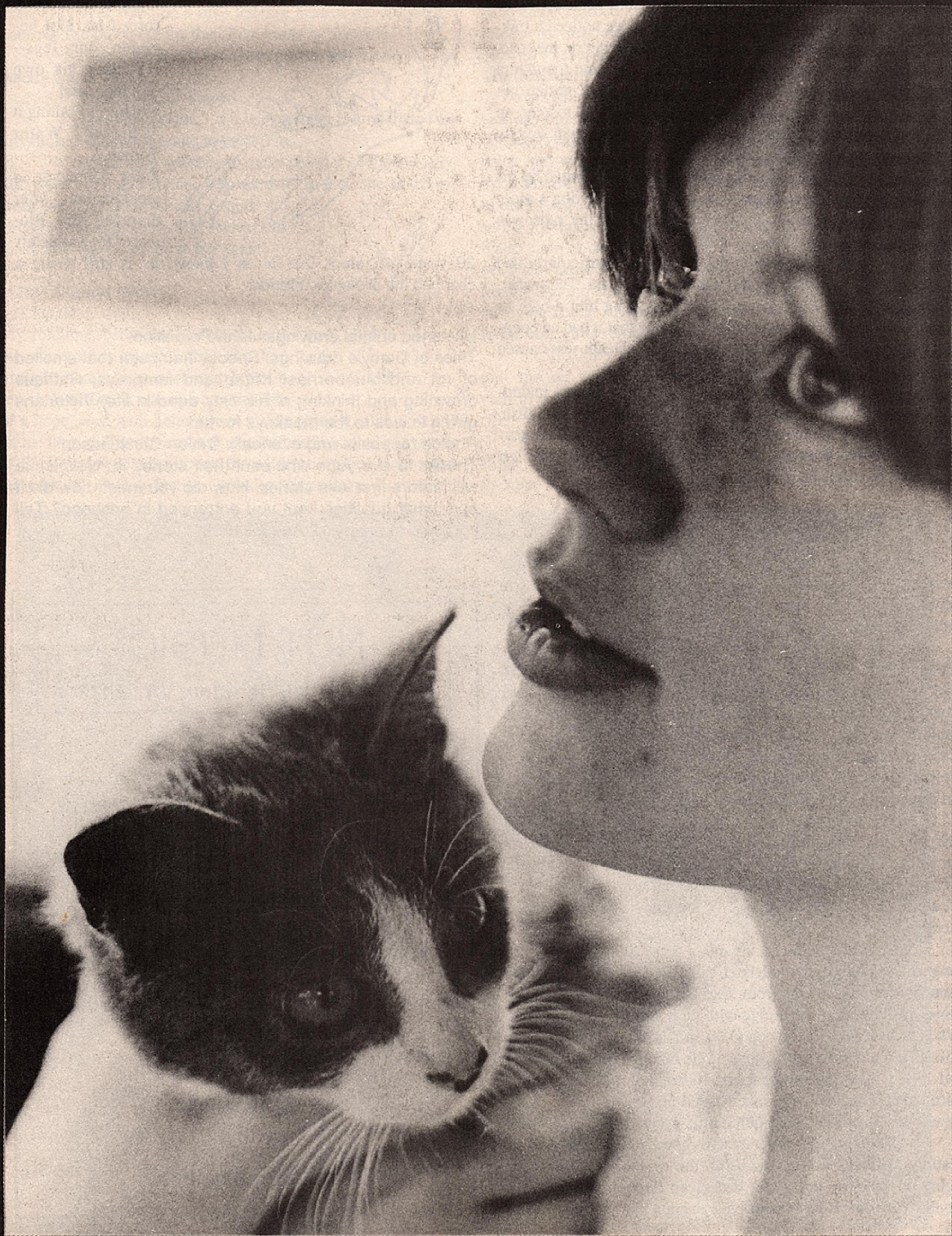
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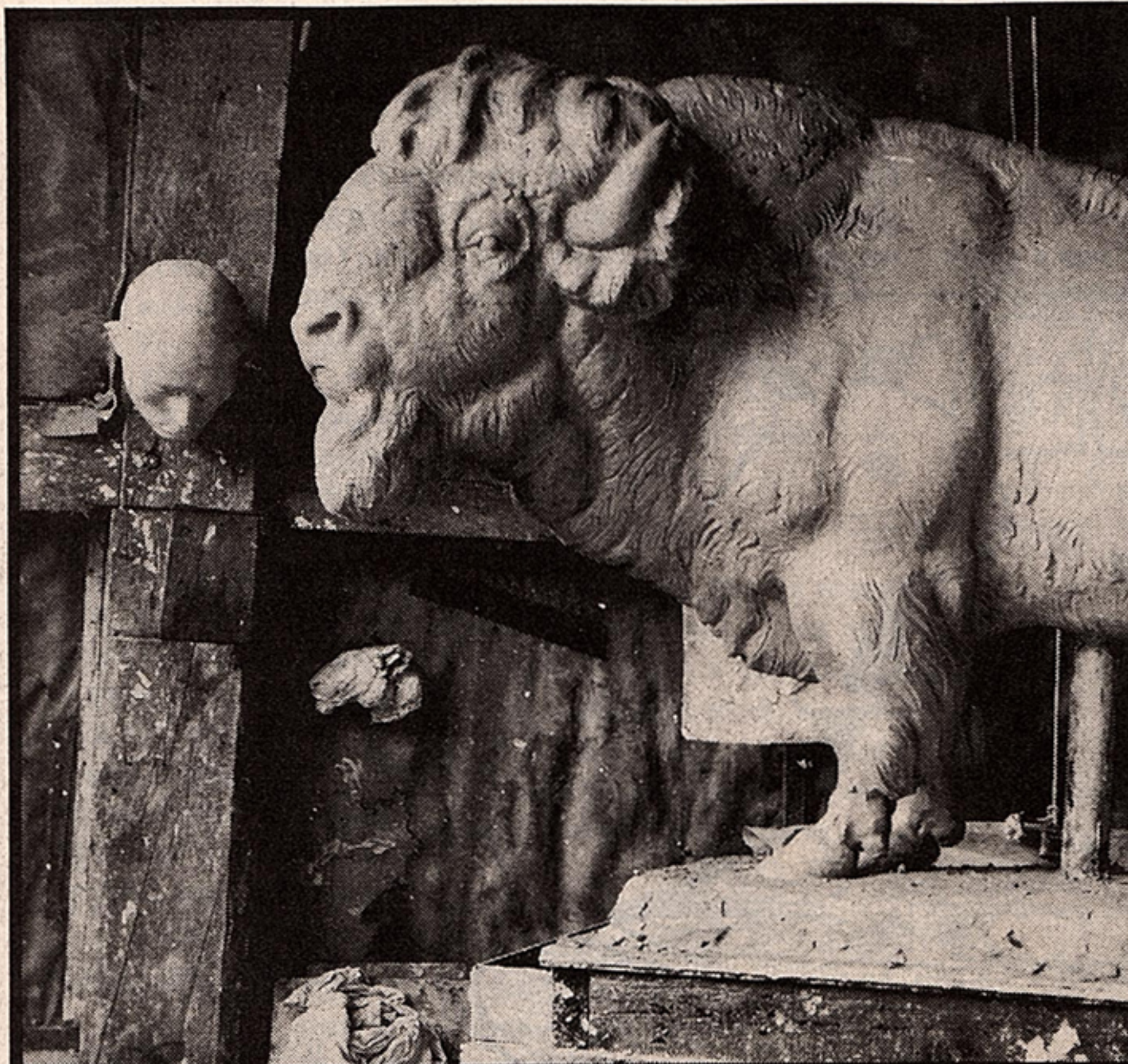
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# Gurg Gerbils

by Itchie & Lisa



QUEEN ITCHIE: My introduction to gerbils was a bloated, mean sailor of a gerbil. His name was Buddy. My little brother was going through this phase where he would wear chains around his neck like Sid Viscious and so he decided he would have the world's first punk rock gerbil. So he took my father's beard trimmer--

LISA: No.

ITCHIE: Yes. And he lowered it--

LISA: No.

ITCHIE: You wanted a sweet animal issue but you're not getting it. You know why? In your childhood, animals are your first introduction to mortality and evil. So he lowered a beard trimmer into Buddy's aquarium. Buddy was running all around, so my brother was chasing him all around with the beard trimmer.... He ended up with the most fucked-up hairdo.

He died a bitter old fuck at four or five. He was a bloated old asshole. The older a gerbil gets, the more bitter and mean it gets.

LISA: Not Nickel. The sweetest gerbil on earth that ever was. She only got sweeter as she got older. She had cancer. She had a huge, tumorous cancer on her side. And do you know what she'd do?

ITCHIE: Play with it?

LISA: No! Don't talk that way about Nickel.

ITCHIE: I'm sorry.

LISA: She'd sit on the endtable and just look at us. Then she'd go to sleep so trustingly with her head resting on the--

ITCHIE: On the tumour?

LISA: NO! Cut that out! She's sacred to me.

ITCHIE: I'm sorry. I'm just picturing this gerbil with a tumor as big as itself.

LISA: It was only the size of her head.

ITCHIE: That's still big.

LISA: She was so loving.

ITCHIE: [dubious] Really? And it just sat on an endtable and stared at you.

LISA: Yes.

ITCHIE: And you weren't uneasy?

LISA: No--she had love in her eyes. When she and Newton would see each other from across the room they would charge at each other and madly roll around biting each other and embracing and being in love. Even at the ripe old age of six. The way Nickel met Newton was... At first it

was just her and her sister Olivia. I named her after Olivia Newton-John. My friend Marie, a good Italian girl, stepped on Olivia's head.

ITCHIE: What shoes was she wearing?

LISA: Hushpuppies. Olivia couldn't get her head off the floor. She was spinning around her head. Blood was spurting out. She took a long time to die. After it was over, Marie and I cried into each other's arms. I don't mean to be sacrilegious, but it was kind of sensual. At the same time, my horror was complete, was not lessened by the pleasurable aspect of being in Marie's arms. We cried for two hours until Marie's mother arrived to pick her up and asked what we were crying about. We showed her the gerbil and she said, "You're crying that much over a gerbil?!" And we said, "Awoowoo!!" So she took us to this sub-K-mart department store, the cheapest store you ever saw in your life. And that's when I saw...Newton. The rebel. He was from the wrong side of the tracks. He had a kink in his tail and a gleam in his eye.

ITCHIE: Why was his tail kinked?

LISA: 'Cause he had been starved as a baby. Their bones do that. Newton had a long snout and the hugest, blackest balls you ever saw. They were bigger than his head.

ITCHIE: You sure they weren't tumors?

LISA: Haven't you ever noticed gerbils' balls? They're like a third of their body. They're huge. And they like to use them. You know what a gerbil does when he's excited?

ITCHIE: What?

LISA: He thumps his foot. It's really cute. He and Nickel did it [the bedroom act] all the time. When Nickel finally died, Newton refused to eat. Gerbils mate for life. You know what finally cured him?

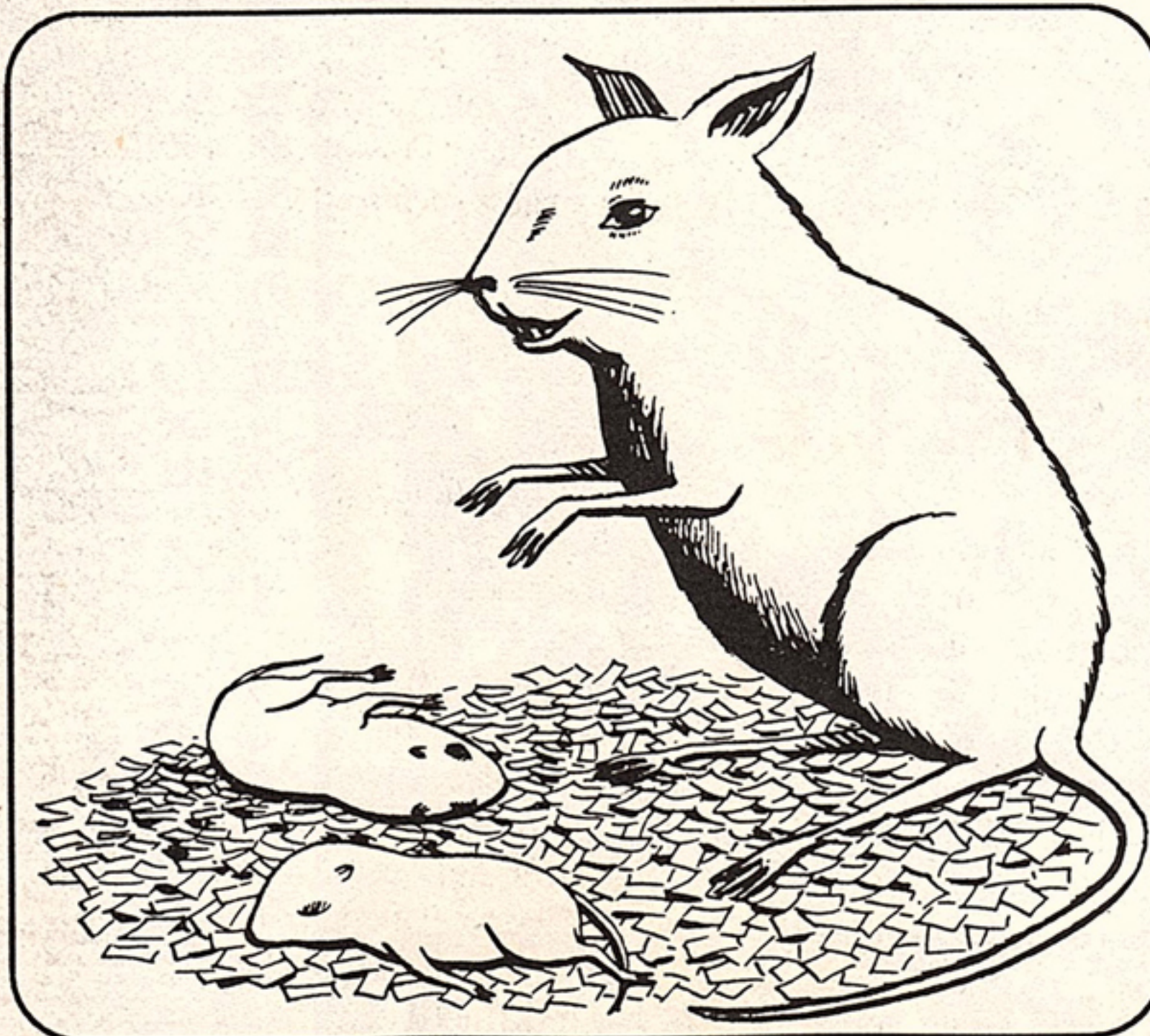
ITCHIE: What?

LISA: I put his baby grandchildren in with him. Always before he had tried to kill his grandchildren. Because he was fierce. He was the alpha male. But after the loss of Nickel, he went through a metamorphosis. The babies were jumping all over him, acting like kids, and it was almost like he smiled. He started playing with them, and he started eating again, and he lived another six months.

ITCHIE: Ahh. That's uplifting.

LISA: It is! It's a beautiful story.

ITCHIE: It's romantic.





Did you do this?: I would picture everything in my room miniaturized to the point where it would be the gerbils' little wonderland, and it would be so beautiful. I fantasized about a little swamp area and a little castle.... I made a little hanglider and strapped one in it. I was on the roof ready to throw her off, but I couldn't do it.

After Buddy died my mother got me three gerbils. They were so sweet and wonderful and great at first. Plucky, Audrey and Wolfgang. Plucky and Audrey were black and white and Wolfgang was albino. She was really weird and little. They were sisters and they were also lesbian.

LISA: How did you know?

ITCHIE: Animals like that just tend to lay on one another and cuddle anyway. But, I mean, they would more than cuddle. They would get to third base. And then they all got fat.

LISA: False pregnancy. Nickel and Olivia got it too.

ITCHIE: Gerbils are good sexual icebreakers. In highschool I would invite a guy over and put the gerbils in his lap and then just sort of pet them.... Anyway, the three sisters started getting *bad attitudes*. They wouldn't let me touch them anymore and they just wanted to hibernate all the time. My house wasn't cold--their hearts were cold.

LISA: Any three women living together could quite possibly get disturbed. There's too much yin. Put Newton into their cage and he would've straightened those sisters out. He would've thumped some joy into them.

ITCHIE: I love...thump-joying! Anyway, they seemed really attached to each other, but I guess it was in a maniacal, bad way. I don't know, there's something very Greek about all of it. They ate all the glue off the inside of the aquarium. I don't know, maybe that drove them crazy. But the two older ones--Plucky and Audrey--chewed out little Wolfgang's stomach. They just totally ate it. All that was left of her was the head and the tail and the little skeleton. It was-- Are you panting?

LISA: Yes. This is, awww, terrible. I wonder if she was alive when it happened.

ITCHIE: I know. And all along the spine was a slight layer of fur. That's all that was left. She was totally gutted.

LISA: Was she a runt?

ITCHIE: Yeah.

LISA: Runts often get murdered. In our society, there's room for runts. If you don't like living in Los Angeles, you can move to Nebraska. But when you're a pet, there's nowhere to go. There's just the aquarium. If you want more room, all you can do is chew the runt to death. The pet world is the most virile world humans can know. 'Cause humans would never--Like, say you, I and Darby from *Ben Is Dead* were living in one room--

ITCHIE: [*shockingly hostile voice*] Well I'm eating her.

LISA: I chose her because all three of us are Scorpios. But the thing is, would you really? Think about it *really*. No matter how long we were stuck in that room, could you hold her down and eat her alive?

ITCHIE: Not physically, no.

Gerbils were the first animals imported to the U.S. from Japan (in 1954). There must have been a gerbil craze for girls 25 years later, 'cause most of my female friends report having had some. Rainbows, unicorns, Shaun Cassidy and gerbils. I found them to be curious, friendly, and quite intelligent for having such a small head. My friends report otherwise.

LISA: No. Because you're tamed. Pets are sort of tamed, but they're also WILD. Humans are devious and complex and everything, but we'll never have it over the pet world as far as dramatic acts. Like Rich Polysorbate 60's hamster [*see Violence in the Tamed Animal Kingdom*]. People think they have it bad 'cause they live in the ghetto or their parent beats them if they get bad grades or something. But can you imagine living in a little box in total darkness--not a single other member of your species alive as far as you know--half insane, with oozing hemorrhoids the size of basketballs?

ITCHIE: It was the first thing I thought of when I woke up because I had a bagel with raisins in it and it made me think of blueberries. I really don't understand how blueberry oil would signify love. Was this person Wiccan?

LISA: Maybe he thought it would help the hamster overcome his stench in the afterlife.

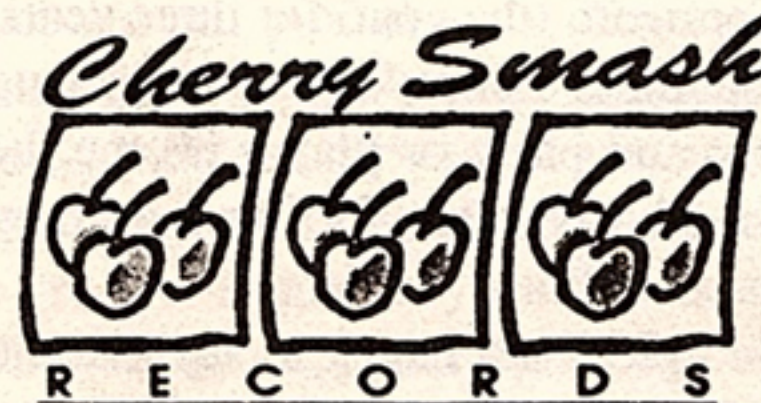
ITCHIE: My friend--when her hamster died, she put it in a jar and she buried it. We dug it up a few years later and looked at it. We had to wear gas masks, it was so disgusting. She dropped it in the driveway and the fluids just went everywhere and she puked.

LISA: My gerbil Pepper had sex with his daughter Pickle. He was supposed to have sex with this gerbil he wasn't related to--Rapture--but he chose to have Pickle too. The babies were born with like one eye, three legs, two legs.

ITCHIE: Cyclops gerbil.

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After reading this, I hope you realize that it pays to say,

# "What's your sign?"

## **Gemini** (May 22-June 21)

I know three Geminis--Dame Darcy, my mother and Bill Callahan. All three hate each other.

-Lisa Crystal Carver

## **Leo** (July 24-August 23)

Leos are a bunch of pompous, self-centered bastards who can also be very nice and charming if they feel like it--if they get the proper response. I oughtta know, I'm a Leo.

-Jaina Davis

Dominant, glamorous, attention-getting, majestic, spontaneous, clotheshorse, loyal to a fault. I fit the profile. Leo is the lion, though I've been called the hornet. Men have warned other men about me: "I'll tell you, get a one-way ticket away from her--and leave tonight!" We're natural, earthy animals with big mouths. Our best feature is our hair. Can be arrogant, but Scorpions are more arrogant.

-Rachel Johnson

## **Virgo** (August 24-September 23)

All of my boyfriends have been exactly like their sign says they are.

The Virgo was true to his virgin nature. Not that he was a virgin, but when we slept together he acted like one by just lying there.

You know how they say goats are old--"you old goat"--well, that's true. I dated this Capricorn (the goat) for three years, and he was an old fart the whole time. Twenty-nine years young and he never wanted to go out and party or play with me, he just wanted to stay home and read and watch TV like a grumpy old man.

Now I am dating a Scorpio. I am happy to say that the passionate part is true, but the Scorpion sting part is true also!

-Melanie Yarra

## **Libra** (September 24-October 23)

Indecisive, bet-hedger, escapist, noncommittal. Head in the clouds--'cause they're on a plane away from me. Libras are emotional AIDS--they infect you with themselves and then there's no cure... except death. Once you're infected by a Libra, you can't make a decision. They take your soul and divide it so that it will never be whole again. You can see that I am very affected by love.

-Rachel Johnson

I KNOW YOU LIBRA

Talk about fucked-up Libras! Seth Sanders, skewered in *Roller-derby 16*, has to be the worst Libra ever. I met him when I was a mere teenager during my first semester at Harvard where he

was directing the radio station training for those interested in rock. I was immediately taken by his inability to articulate himself or properly use the English language. I couldn't understand a word of his introduction to the radio station speech, but the crowd of excited onlookers all nodded and looked enraptured at the intensity and conviction of his gobbledygook.

After two months of indoctrination into a confusing and rigid set of radio station tastes which seemed to shift every week, Seth asked me out. Being as inept socially as he (at the time), and somehow charmed by his Little Lord Fauntleroy outfits that he would alternate with Big Black T-shirts (in order to be "unpredictable"), I said yes. We ended up in some faux-run-down Cambridge cafe. He didn't say anything to me until the food arrived, and once it did, it was like his roasted red pepper, jarlsberg and arugula sandwich had done something bad to him and he was punishing it. After a couple of tentative gnaws at it, he simply rammed the whole thing down his throat and chewed what little was left with his mouth open. He then finished off what I was eating (as I had lost my appetite).

Thus began a disastrous ten months, a roller coaster ride where he was constantly breaking up with me ("You just don't challenge yourself intellectually the way my ex-girlfriend does. Plus she has a much bigger, harder ass. By the way, I'm going back to her just as soon as I can get you out of my dorm room. Leave the condoms.") and coming back when it was convenient. On the night he stole my virginity away from me, I bled and bled and he just sat there in his tighty whities and his t-shirt reading *The Baffler*.

Even though we were going out he often pretended to not recognize me in public. I could get him to go out with me if I bribed him with the promise of a dinner. Once he offered to take me out, but I soon realized that it was only to humiliate me in front of his "friends"--the losers who felt flattered that Mr. Sanders should select them to be the mute victims of his endless pathologies. The coke-bottle-glasses-wearing fanboys would score points with him by jumping back and forth between the few things he had delved into in his narrow life: references to Derrida followed by disparaging remarks about early Motorhead singles. His friends, like him, reveled in their ability to throw around jargon and bore and confuse simpletons like me. They used to ask me questions about contextuality just to watch me blush. Since I always found it impossible to eat after experiences like these, he never had to pay for me, and thus pronounced himself victorious over the twin evils of propriety and decorum.

He sometimes took me to restaurants and when the check came would tell me he was penniless and ask if I could lend him the dough. He would promise to pay me back but never did, instead pouring his allowance into the production of



his fanzine, ANON. Worse, he favored food that afflicted the bowels, breath and sweat glands in the most monstrous ways. He claimed that his musky scent make him more attractive. Those nights I had to get myself more drunk than usual to make myself oblivious to his putrescence.

Due to his abusive tirades and frequent ambivalence toward me, my self-esteem was so broke that I could not imagine myself desirable to anyone and therefore was slavishly devoted to him. Maybe it was his utter lack of any sense of shame, and his willingness to verbally attack others, ask awkward questions that charmed and chained me. I must admit that when he displayed no interest in me, it turned me on, enough for me to forgive him for being a complete asshole to just about everyone in my life, including my parents, who he referred to as "Ma and Pa Prozac."

Seth urged me to wear more makeup, saying it made me look older, more sophisticated, and--gasp--he was proud to be seen in public with me. Not at all like the way he is today, ridiculing Gen L's pro-makeup stance, proclaiming the merits of his "Fresh Faced Girlfriend" who I have recently heard was a fellow Max Factor addict until she started dating Seth.

Anyway, like an idiot I let this thing go on for almost a year until he moved back in with his icy, domineering mother, the only woman who could really have power over him. I finally wised up and fucked some of his friends. He didn't like that very much. He told me I was a typical Scorpio crazy bitch. I considered it a compliment. I still make a point of offering free oral sex to anyone he roomed or drank with in school.

*It's all true! Seth is a bastard.*

-Shana Goulette, 61 West 10th St. Apt. 2A, New York, NY 10011

#### LIBRA AT WORK

*Right after Rollerderby received Shana's letter, we received one from the fresh-faced girlfriend, Ana Marie Cox, who I (Lisa) had called "stupid" in RD16...and she turned out to be likable! (I didn't know her when I called her stupid--just figured anyone that would go out with Seth must be.) So I sent her a copy of Shana's Libra review, giving her a chance to defend herself or Seth. She sent the following letter which, coupled with Shana's, proves that Libras--or at least Libra Seth--must be attracted to vicious ladies. Ana Marie is on the cusp of Virgo and Libra. She says Libras are judgmental, and that is a good thing. I said the problem with Libras is they speculate so much about what's right and what's wrong they end up not doing anything. She said that's true, but her Virgo half allows her to follow up on her Libra-like judgments.*

#### IN LOVE, LIBRA?

Thanks for the opportunity to respond. Much of what Ms. Goulette asserts in her letter is true. Seth's foul odor, much like Cosloy's unattractiveness, is so well-established that even making jokes about it is cliché. Seth also does wear "briefs" and have poor table manners.

However, in my brief stint as the "fresh-faced girlfriend" in question, I found him to be an attentive partner--almost to the point of being pathetic. Not only that, Seth was quite eager to be seen with me on his arm.

Further, though during the course of our relationship Seth asked me to wear many things--including chain mail, a yarmulke, and burgerwrappers pasted to my tits--he never asked

me to wear makeup. And while I hate to heap more abuse on poor Shana, Seth's apparent pleasure in my natural beauty makes me wonder if he was, just being kind when he told her makeup made her look "more sophisticated"--maybe it just made her looks tolerable.

-Ana Marie Cox

#### Scorpio (October 24-November 22) *M*

Many Scorpios are hateful. Even the ones you like are hateful--you just don't know it. Scorpios are endowed with abundant aloofness EVEN WHEN THEY'RE BEING FRIENDLY (and Scorpios are almost always being friendly--the sneaky bastards). I can spot a fellow-Scorpio a mile away. I have instant hate for female Scorpios in almost all cases. I feel that they're moving in on my turf. My sneaky Scorpio turf. And I see through their "friendliness." That's one reason I stay home so much--if I run into another Scorpio there might be trouble. *Scorpio lady, dangerous lady.* Another reason I stay home is because I have to have sex all the time, and the bed is at home. Scorpio is the sign of the loins. Everything is sexual to the Scorpio. Even innocuous items like toasters and foam curlers call dirty acts to the mind of the Scorpio...and she will act on those images!

It's hard to break through the icy (but seemingly friendly) exterior of the Scorpio--but once you do, she is eternally loyal. As an enemy, she is equally loyal--never, ever forgetting a slight.

-Lisa Crystal Carver

Let me tell you about a Scorpio I know. Her name is Lisa. She's cute, maddening, manipulative, very sensitive--but not to other people, good mother, dazzling with bold insights, carries a grudge, is fair. My mother is a Scorpio too. The Scorpio appears open, but is actually private. And is obsessed with privates. They are very funny--but not during the day ('cause they work so hard all day long). They wear red lipstick. They are interested. Remember the stinger--do not cross a Scorpio. Though they embellish, they have a deep sense of honesty. Once you've loved a Scorpio, the rest of the zodiac pales. My mother broke off an engagement once, and the man never married. He's in his 70s now.

-Rachel Johnson

#### Sagittarius (November 23-December 21) *↗*

I know two--Kenneth Carver and Boyd Rice. The Sagittarius is commanding. They have presence. Expounder. Good listener--but he listens to get ammunition to get you with. They're tall. They stare. They have blue eyes. One is quite strange

*The moon effects the tides. It's a known fact. Oceans are made of water and men are ninety percent the same composition. Facts. If a heavenly body like the moon can move entire oceans then the task of touching and tossing the liquid nebulous of our souls is infinitesimally more feasible.*

-Lance Freed



looking and one is very handsome. Well-mannered. They're jealous. Jealous of having their authority usurped, and jealous of having their loved one's affections usurped. It goes beyond normal jealousy--Lisa's father didn't even like me being friends with her when we were 15 and he was a grown man.

-Rachel Johnson

I find Sagittariuses exceedingly attractive and very capable of hurting my feelings. It's a manly sign. It represents the thighs--SPRINGing into action. They entertain and excite large crowds...they entertain and excite on a private level, too, heh-heh. Next to the Scorpio, Sagittarius is the most sexual sign on the zodiac. Both my father and my son's father (both Sagittariuses) have had sex with like a *thousand* women--including with more than one woman at a time! Scorpio daughters worship their Sag fathers. They have a weird relationship.

The symbol of the Sagittarius is the archer--always shooting people in the back. I've found many examples of this in my father, but my son's father has never yet demonstrated any back-stabbing. He does front-stabbing.

-Lisa Crystal Carver

**Capricorn** (December 22-January 20)

Selfish. Certifiably insane. Amoral. Sociopath. They persecute. They look like a goat.

-Rachel Johnson

**Aries** (March 21-April 20)

Dense.

-Rachel Johnson

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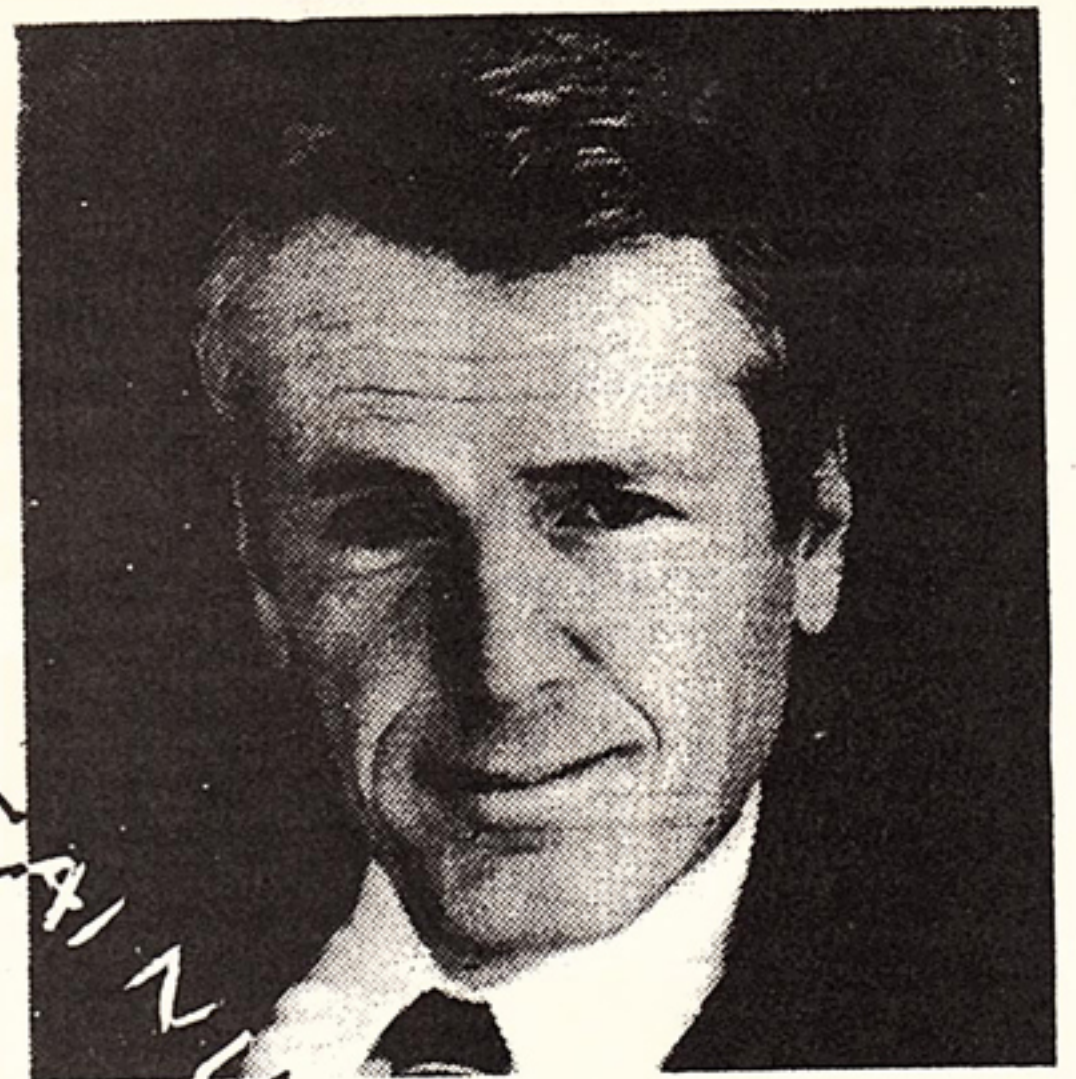
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THE RUTHLESSLY ENTERTAINING  
HARVEY SID FISHER





KERRY McLAUGHLIN: What sign are you?

HARVEY SID FISHER: A giddy Sagittarius.

KERRY: Why do you describe it that way?

HARVEY: It's funny. It got a laugh out of you--it's worth repeating to anybody. My job is to make people happy, laugh. It's not my job, but I take it upon myself to do that as much as I can. I write novelty kind of things. Love songs today: my body is aching, my heart is breaking, I'm dying, I'm crying...these people don't need love, they need an ambulance!

KERRY: Your Scorpio song says they have "the worst reputation in the zodiac."

HARVEY: I put a few digs into each song. If it was all nice, one Scorpio, for example, would buy one copy. With a few digs in it, there are eleven other people who would buy it for the Scorpio to show him what a bad person he is.

KERRY: A marketing ploy.

HARVEY: It's more fun to write the digs.

KERRY: It's good to hear that Tauruses aren't "avant garde, they're status quo."

HARVEY: In my live performance sometimes I do different words--a little more racy.

KERRY: What was the inspiration for *Astrology Songs*?

HARVEY: Years ago--ten or so--somebody came up to me in New York and said, "I need a song for the Olympics." I said okay and I went to the library and did some research, and I wrote the song. It's a very rousing song: "OLYMPIANS! RAH! RAH! RAH!" Sort of a marching song. I get the audience to go "rah rah rah" for me. But before that I came up with this idea for the astrology songs. Now where do ideas come from? I don't know. You sit around and ideas come to some people.

I know one day it's going to happen for me. I'm just waiting--one domino falls and they all

go. I've also written six screenplays. You sell one and if it's a hit, they buy the other five off of you.

KERRY: What are those about?

HARVEY: One's science fiction, one's a comedy, there's a psychodrama, and one's about health food. A girl who's into healing arts--natural healing--meets a doctor who's into science--cutting, surgering up people. They fall in love and butt heads over which is nature's way. And all my stories end with a kiss.

KERRY: (giggles) When did you start writing songs?

HARVEY: Back in the early '60s in New York City. I was a hairdresser, a hairstylist--I worked in a beauty parlor that was open 24 hours a day. I worked five in the evening to midnight, worked with a lot of show girls and other ladies of the night. They'd come in two, three times a night for a comb-out--but that's another story. By day I'd go around the Brill building in Tin Pan Alley with my guitar from door to door. There'd be a group of us doing this to sell our songs. People like Neil Diamond and Tony Orlando. We'd just kind of hang out in front of the building and I'd say, "Neil, what do you want to do with your life?" He'd say, "I

want to be a singer." I'd say, "Good luck!" People were saying, "You know Harvey, you should listen to this guy Bob Dylan, he sounds a lot like stuff you do." I was also acting. Film, stage, I've done episodic TV. TV movies. I had a little part in *Lethal Weapon III*. I'm

also one of L. A.'s top 10,000 photographic models. I just did a modeling job for Japanese clothing. I do mostly businessmen type things. I'm in the office with the computer, or I'm the doctor or the husband. It's not steady, but it pays for the golf balls!

KERRY: Oh! Golfing!

HARVEY: Yes. In 1968 I started and it's run my life. I don't know what it is about golf that is so seductive, so addictive. It just grabbed me. I've canceled appointments to play, I've traveled places to play when normally I wouldn't leave the house. I can't explain it. If I didn't play golf, I'd probably have a greater body of work.

KERRY: You don't regret that.

HARVEY: Nah, I'm having fun. No great acting career, but my golf game's good! Seven handicaps keeps me happy. (pause) Who's the lady with this magazine?

KERRY: Her name is Lisa Carver.

HARVEY: Never heard of her. Does she know my *Astrology Songs*? I'm going tomorrow to talk to animators, an animation company. They want to come up with an animation video for kids with the astrology songs. When I first wrote the songs, I had

nobody--no money to make a demo even. I asked everybody I knew and nobody thought it was worth doing. Then I got a national TV commercial--a Cadillac commercial--

and it paid enough to finance the whole album. The album was done on eight-track in people's kitchens and garages. Now, I play at The Thirsty Swede in San Francisco and two girls throw their underwear at me! Incredible!

Available: *Astrology Songs* on cassette (\$8) and CD (\$12) and video (ladies doing interpretive dance while HSF lip-synchs--\$20). *Golf Songs And Golf Jokes* on cassette (\$8). ASCAP just flew HSF to Washington to sing a song for Congress: "Vote No On 789." Said Harvey: "They loved it!" He is currently recording a new album.

HSF, 8205 Santa Monica Blvd. #1-220, W. Hollywood, CA 90046. Tel. 213-650-3594.

illustration this page: Carrie Lindsay; opposite page: Kerry McLaughlin (the rice bowl is because HSF is macrobiotic).



**"I don't know what it is about golf that is so seductive, so addictive."**





# WHO SAID THAT?



**Vladimir Zhirinovskiy**  
is the ultra nationalist who won Russia's first free elections, suspected of being half Jewish.

**Tiny Tim**  
is an American singer/ukulele-player, and is definitely half Jewish.

*Compiled by  
Boyd Rice & Lisa Carver*

1. People want power that can frighten them.
2. I'm always in favor of making contacts, no matter with whom. For example, if you want to surrender yourself to me, I could enter into an intimate relationship with you. If you don't want to, I won't even think about it. I'll go and play the piano. I'll go and breathe fresh air. I have no fanaticism at all, and I win because of this.
3. [In politics and with women, you achieve what you want with] 80% talk and 20% force. Some violence is required. Just a little bit, sometimes, eh?
4. I would go out with a 15-year-old girl if her parents gave me permission. I'd just take her out, and take her back to her parents.
5. I have a feeling she is a virgin. She makes such a womanly impression, so very sexually developed. She's kind, mild, meek. This is the style I love.
6. I was born with a natural gift for young ladies. I say young ladies because youth--in its purest sense--is one of life's most beautiful things.
7. This sounds crazy, but I'll tell you: the only pleasure I have is looking at beautiful girls.
8. Right here, now. You'd like to make love in this weather? Right now, the four of us. Four hearts should start to beat together. To see the flow of life.
9. My private parts may not function too well, but my heart for love and romance is on fire.
10. I love to watch [group sex]. To see how the others do
- it. To see the mistakes. Plus, I'm lazy.
11. Any noise irritates me. I love silence, silence. I become calm by the sound of a woman choking on her tears.
12. I've loved sweet things since my childhood.
13. I'm very shy. I might have gotten much more joy from life if not for my modesty.
14. During coitus, I love to lecture.
15. We'll understand one another better if you undress right now.
16. If you're riding a horse, do you let the horse decide where to go? Of course not. That's how it is with women. There can only be one master, and the master must be in control.
17. [I was in love] when I was 17. I wanted to rape her so much. I dreamt she was naked and I was naked and she couldn't escape. She was tall and skinny. I was ready to rape half of my class. But I say rape in a good sense.
18. My diaries are filled with the girls I've adored and worshiped throughout the years--mementos and broken dreams.
19. Temptation is always around. *Always* around.
20. A virgin can't just give herself up. There should be an element of violence.
21. I wanted only one percent of the women I had sex with.



22. It used to give me some kind of pleasure when people got angry. It was thrilling to me to expose the underpinnings of their hearts.

23. Aren't you violating [men's] rights [by not having sex with them]? Should I choke with sperm? You [women] push men toward war by not letting them [have sex]. You're the source of war on the planet.

24. I like to fall asleep while my bodyguards torture somebody in the night.

25. The human heart cannot stand good things all the time.

26. Abortion should be legal. You can't make a woman stay home by force. She won't want it. But you can intensify the propaganda of the family so that it becomes the main thing for a young woman.

27. A woman's body is not hers. She does *not* have the right to choose.

28. *We* could have been aborted. *We* could never have tasted pizza. *We* could never have tasted ice cream.

29. War is the natural state of man. Either they get us or we get them.

30. It is a shame, and I've said this back 20 years ago, it is a shame to see women being touted as equal to men when they are not.

31. Vanna White, despite all her problems, is still the most beautiful woman in the world.

32. I would bomb the Japanese. I would sail our large navy around their small island, and if they so much as cheeped, I would nuke them.

33. I tried to get in the Army three times. The recruiter asked me why I wanted to go in and I told him frankly that I wanted to go to the moon.

34. Forget what you hear on the radio. In my opinion, we are talking of a very bitter, angry, fierce god. He is not laughing.

35. To read *Cosmopolitan* and get advice is good.

36. I never had the friendship of a man, except for the boys I used to play ball with and the men I met through business. Even now, when girls come to visit me, I tell them, "Bring ten girlfriends or come by yourself, but don't bring a man."

37. From the moment of my birth, I have always walked alone.

38. I'll never forget what my dear Aunt Lea said about me once: "Someday he'll be something, because he has nerve."

39. A child needs a father because, left to himself, he's in trouble. Man needs law because he's a sinner.

40. There are no laws today. As Plato said, "Any state where the force of law does not operate, where some force does not operate, will perish." And how we are perishing today.

41. I would give the death penalty to people who steal if they don't have to for survival. I would give a life sentence to a murderer and--I know this sounds crazy--then saw off his fingers one at a time, letting him heal between each time.

42. The white man, including myself, doesn't really understand the black.

43. The whites constitute eight percent of the total today. Do you think that 92 percent will put up for very long with eight percent living in better regions, enjoying better diets and longer life expectancy? This 92 percent will claim its rights yet.

44. Let's face it: wherever the blacks move, the whites move out. They just don't like them. They don't feel good with them.

45. I am not at all racist. Why do you say that? I am talking about the threat to the white nation. If a robber intends to break into my house, do I violate his rights to rob my house if I try to stop him?

46. I'm strong. I'm brave.

47. I'm not a brave man, I'm scared. I don't want to be a saint or a martyr on a cross. I don't want to feel like a hero. But at the same time, I can't keep quiet and hide things...

48. No one's heart could be as wicked as mine.

49. I always tell the truth.

Please mark a "U" or a "T" next to each quote and then go to the last page (the Very Personals page) to find out the truth.

No peeking!



Just received an enormous Pavement press kit. All the articles--from *Rolling Stone*, *The New York Times*, *Musican*, etc.--were the exact same article, dealing with two topics. One, how rough

success is. "In truth, Pavement are painfully aware of how far they could go, but they also know how ridiculous and constraining the journey could be." (Oh yes, the pain, the pain! The pain of being aware. And the ridiculousness, the utter absurdity, of doing a job and people like the job you do and you get paid well.) Two, how brilliantly ironic Steve Malkmus is. "Malkmus notes the potential irony." "He sarcastically recalls" this or that. "Malkmus delights in complexity, confusion and double meanings." "The sardonic wit and rampant nebulosity..." "...as oblique as ever." His bandmate comments: "This is more back to his style of writing lyrics, just him being obsequious, and it's just a series of quips, and he can argue that each line has three different meanings to him, and I think that's most important for him, that he has 50 different ways to answer questions." "It's difficult to tell when he's being sarcastic--which is often. 'Jamie Lee Curtis helped me out of a snowbank once,' he relates in his inscrutable deadpan." Rachel Johnson and I, however, found S.M. rather scrutable.

LISA: The snowbank is the indie world and Jamie Lee Curtis represents selling out.

RACHEL: What's indie rock? Is it the unknown? And that's why when you're known in circles outside indie rock it's not OK, and you're sold out?

LISA: Yeah--there's 300 people that can like you, and when 301 like you, you've sold out.

RACHEL: I know three meanings to the snowbank statement. One, it's a total lie. I do believe Jamie Lee Curtis is from Southern California where there's no snow.

LISA: And Steve Malkmus lives in New York. Well, I don't know--it's opaque. It's obsequious. "He says he's from Idaho, but it's hard to tell if he's being straight about that." It's like when I tell someone I live in Denver--they're often very perplexed as to what I really mean by that. What kind of a person uses a word like "obsequious"? A person with seedy intent. What does it mean?

RACHEL: [looks in dictionary] "Excessively willing to serve or obey."

LISA: He used it wrong!

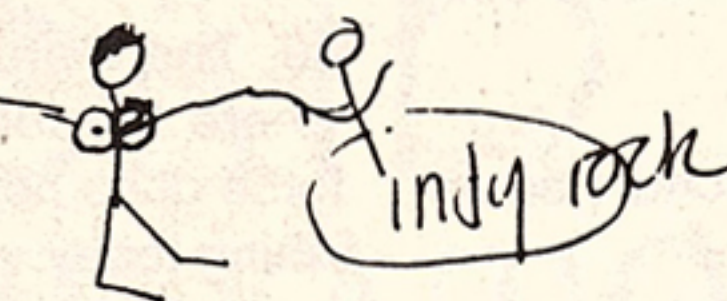
RACHEL: Snowbank meaning number two: someone named Jamie Lee Curtis helped him out of a snowbank but it wasn't *the* Jamie Lee Curtis. My chemistry partner was Kenny Rogers, but he wasn't Kenny Rogers. Three: a boy named Jamie Lee Curtis helped him, and Jamie Lee Curtis the woman looks like a boy, and--but that's circular.

LISA: Whoa.

RACHEL: You see the duality?

LISA: I got it! He's gonna be cold and alone when he dies! He

# PAVEMENT?



said so! The snowbank signifies death!

RACHEL: But it just shows you that he *is* an optimist under his opaque, ubiquitous exterior because a sex symbol, a beautiful love woman, helps

him out of the snowbank. Meaning number five.

LISA: These journalists are obviously not as penetrating as us, because we figured out Steve M.'s meanings very easily.

I know much more about Pavement than I wish to. I can't resist reading these press kits. They get me so mad, but I'm addicted. I know three people that slept with them.

RACHEL: One of Chris' friends slept with one of them.

LISA: I wonder if they have sex ALL THE TIME.

RACHEL: When your heart is cold, you gotta warm up.

LISA: Which of these five men would you have sex with?

RACHEL: I would not.

LISA: You have to pick one.

RACHEL: This one [far left]--Pumpkinhead. I like how he's smiling at the camera sincerely like it's a picture for his mother.

LISA: Imagine this one [second from left] offered you \$5,000 to do it.

RACHEL: I'd say, "No way, Dimplechin."

LISA: What if he said, "C'mon, please? I won't take long."

## AMINIATURE

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RACHEL: You always make me do this, and then we argue. It's like with the Sears catalog--you tell me I *have* to pick one dress out of every page, and then you make up some reason why you don't have to!

LISA: OK, say the rest of the world is dead--it's these five men and me. So I'd have to have a baby with one of them to make mankind go on. In fact, I'd have to have sex with all five! 'Cause that way all my kids would be half-brothers and half-sisters and then *their* kids would have less deformities. Now which one would I take first? This guy [fourth from left].

RACHEL: Ew!

LISA: What? What's wrong with him? He's comparatively not awful.

RACHEL: Why is he hiding behind S.M.? What does he have to hide? You think you're so right. You're so confident that he's the best one. Mine is sincere.

LISA: He is critically ugly though.

RACHEL: He's just rounder than normal.

LISA: This [third from left] would be the last one I'd do it with. 'Cause I'm afraid of him. He's creepy. He'd run around the island and hide behind trees waiting to rape me.

RACHEL: He'd make unseemly noises. He's disgusting.

LISA: He reminds me of a guy who massaged me in California and pressed his erection against my leg.

RACHEL: That was Scottie's friend! He asked us to have a "two on one." Just 'cause he drove us around in his car. And we

were 16! He was 24! And he lived with his grandparents!

LISA: He was disgusting.

RACHEL: I got all sweaty thinking about the 50 meanings. I'm agitated.

LISA: Me too! I'm damp under my arms. There's only one thing I can't abide by, and that's a hypocrite. If someone really means what they say, they don't *want* 49 other meanings. He's just being cowardly.

RACHEL: Covering all the bases. The man is without facts, so he tries to be sarcastic so if he's wrong, he can just say he didn't mean it. And use his withering sarcasm to make you feel bad.

LISA: If he cared about life--

RACHEL: But he doesn't. He's slowly killing himself. "We spend our time in the smoking section, killing ourselves slowly. Table of contents, table of elements, what difference does it make." It's a sin to talk like that.

LISA: Especially because you know it's not true. Look at that healthy complexion--he eats vegetables!

RACHEL: Yeah--there are *real* unhealthy people out there. People have strokes!

LISA: So many people love that band and listen to what they say and *believe* them!

RACHEL: And then all those people start talking opaque too. That man should be in jail.



This one is Steve Malkmus ↗





ISA: Is "Some Jingle Jangle Morning" about dying and meeting a lost love in heaven?

MARY LOU LORD: No. I never, ever thought of that, my God. No, but it is so weird you would say that. Fuck. Shit. [long silence]

LISA: How old are you?

MARY LOU: 29.

LISA: Why do you wear a wig?

MARY LOU: I had this horrible thing where I kept cutting my hair. Before I had long blonde hair and I would keep it in my face and it was insane--I would *never* show my face. So I cut my hair so my face would have to show, but then I wanted it back, so I wore a wig.

LISA: How many interviews are you doing today?

MARY LOU: Eight or nine.

LISA: What do they ask you about?

MARY LOU: Lots of questions about playing in the subway, what the tour was like, and, um, boring questions. They ask the same questions over and over.

LISA: Are you often compared to Liz Phair or Barbara Manning?

MARY LOU: No, never.

LISA: Have you ever seen *Rollerderby*?

MARY LOU: Yes.

LISA: So you know how snoopy I am.

MARY LOU: A little bit, I think.

LISA: Your publicist told me you don't want to talk about Courtney Love and Kurt Cobain, but I just want to know what you saw in him.

'Cause I never saw anything in him, but *something* must be there 'cause so many people loved him. I thought you'd be the one who could explain it to me.

MARY LOU: What do you mean you never saw anything in him?

LISA: He was never attractive to me.

MARY LOU: How do you know he was attractive to me?

LISA: Because everybody knows.

MARY LOU: Who said that?

LISA: Is it not true?

MARY LOU: Um, well, you know what, I, um, think that, uh--it was--I heard Nirvana on the radio and I thought it was the best thing I ever heard. I was, I, I loved Nirvana.

LISA: So you weren't [coughs], you weren't with him?

MARY LOU: This is hard for me.

LISA: I know, but this is my job. I'm an investigative reporter.

MARY LOU: I want to talk to you, but it's hard for me to answer questions like that. Some day, but not today. It would be like me clawing back at that woman for the things she's said about me, and I don't have to do that, 'cause I know what the truth is. She hurt me. The things she says will be proven to be lies without me having to lift a finger.

LISA: That's very ladylike of you.

MARY LOU: [laughs] Thank you.

LISA: Your song "The Bridge" is beautiful. It's very generous--that's so rare.

MARY LOU: Thanks.

LISA: It reminds me of Olivia Newton-John.

MARY LOU: She was my favorite. Her and Karen Carpenter.

LISA: That kind of generosity almost invites being walked on. Not like you want to be walked on, but that you're cast in that role of being the one with the broken heart.

MARY LOU: Oh, yes. Yes, I always get a broken heart. But it doesn't really mean anything. Because I'll always have a broken heart it's made me tougher. I can emotionally express something like that and show a weakness, but it's not really like that. Some people are really quiet but when they play they just go nuts. I'm pretty strong, but when I play it's a lot softer.

LISA: What do you mean it doesn't mean anything?

MARY LOU: 'Cause that's just the way it is and the way it always will be.



mary lou lord

LISA: Are you sure?

MARY LOU: Yeah.

LISA: Why?

MARY LOU: I don't know. I was

born that way.

LISA: Do you think it's romantic?

MARY LOU: I don't know. Probably not.

LISA: Do you think a broken heart is very feminine?

MARY LOU: No.

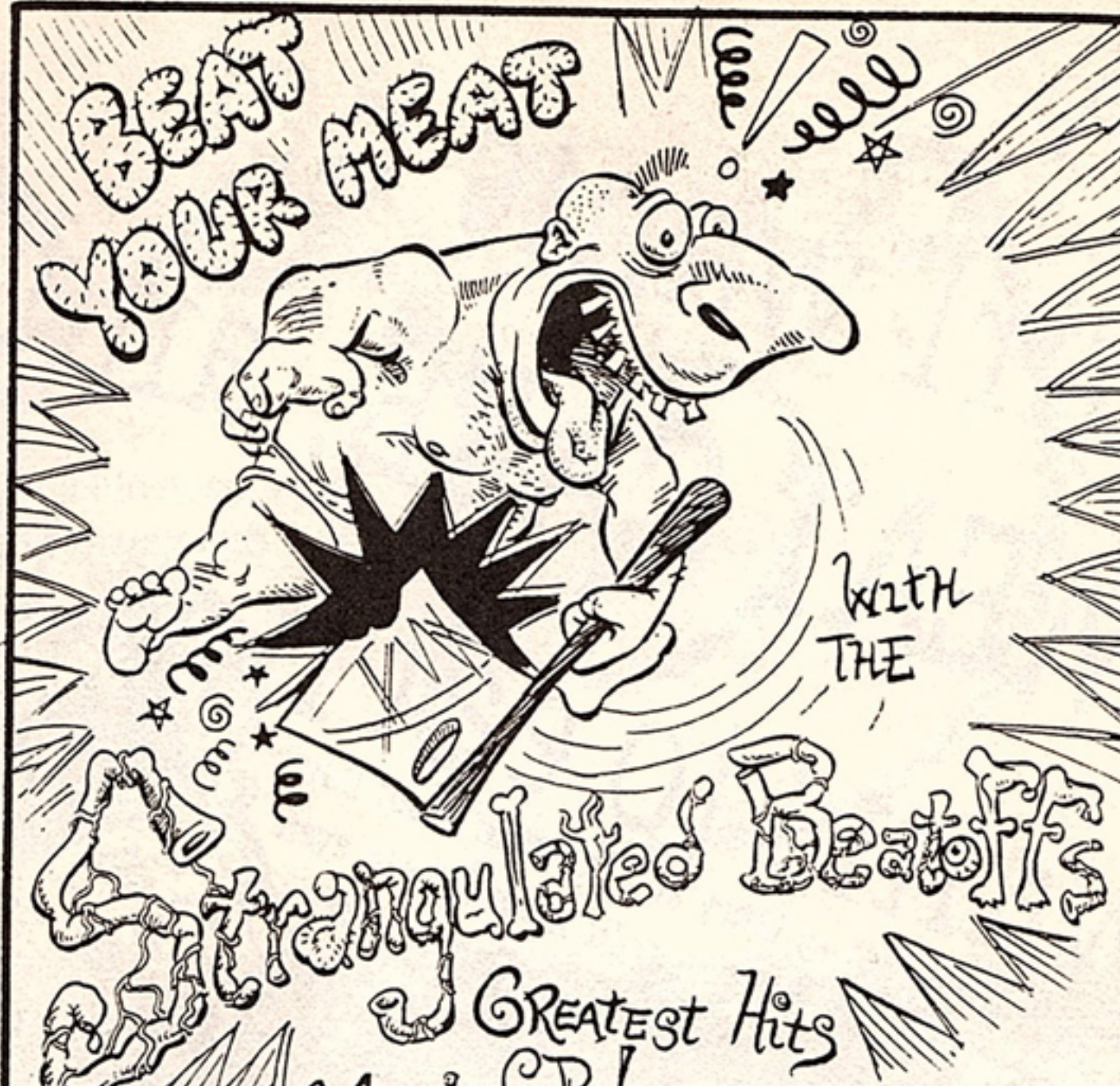
LISA: I do.

MARY LOU: I think it's just whatever it is.

LISA: I think a big stomping brute going around breaking hearts 'cause his ship leaves tomorrow is very masculine and a woman whose heart is broken and yet she still offers so much is classic feminine.



MARY LOU: It could be either way.  
 LISA: Feminine could be a big heart-stomping woman going off to sea, you mean?  
 MARY LOU: [laughs] Yeah.  
 LISA: Nah, the heart-breaking woman is the slithering viperess.  
 MARY LOU: That's very feminine.  
 LISA: That's the bad feminine. You're the good girl.  
 MARY LOU: [groans] Oh God.  
 LISA: What's wrong with that? There have to be some.  
 MARY LOU: Yeah--I like 'em.  
 LISA: What's your sign?  
 MARY LOU: Pisces.  
 LISA: Do you think you're Pisces-like?  
 MARY LOU: Yeah, I do.  
 LISA: What is Pisces-like?  
 MARY LOU: Just sort of dumb, but sometimes they have a tendency to lie.  
 LISA: Do you lie?  
 MARY LOU: No. Not really. Sometimes I do, but most of the time I don't. [pause] I do lie. [laughs] That's a lie. No, I never lie. [chuckles]  
 LISA: [laughs] Those good girls aren't supposed to lie.  
 MARY LOU: Ha!  
 LISA: That's why it's even more tricky when they do.  
 MARY LOU: Heh, heh.



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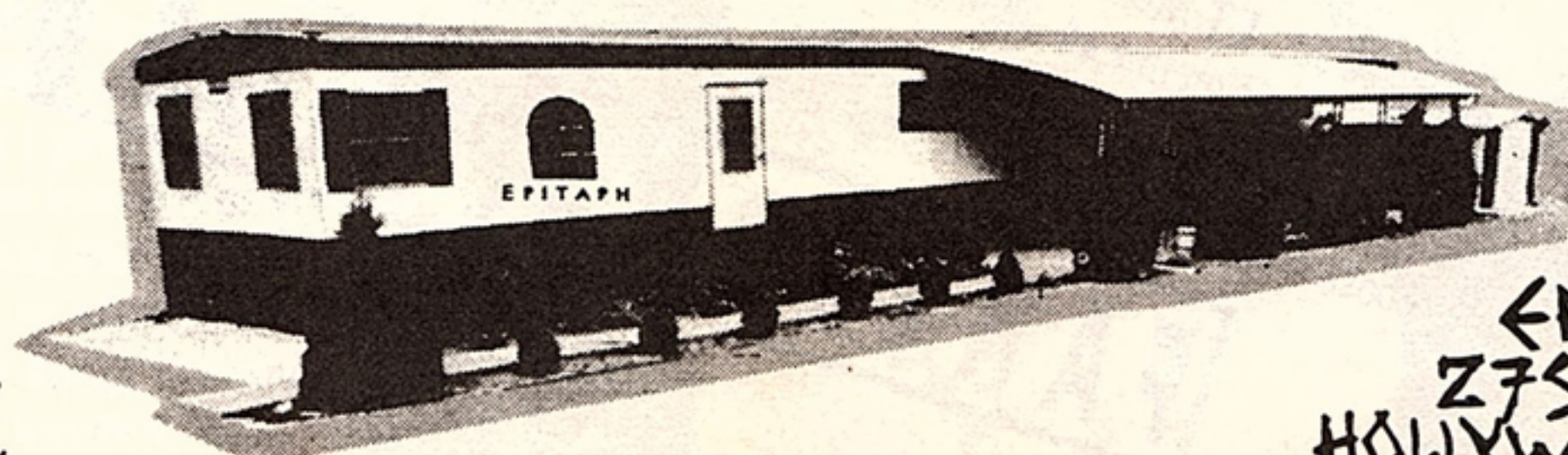
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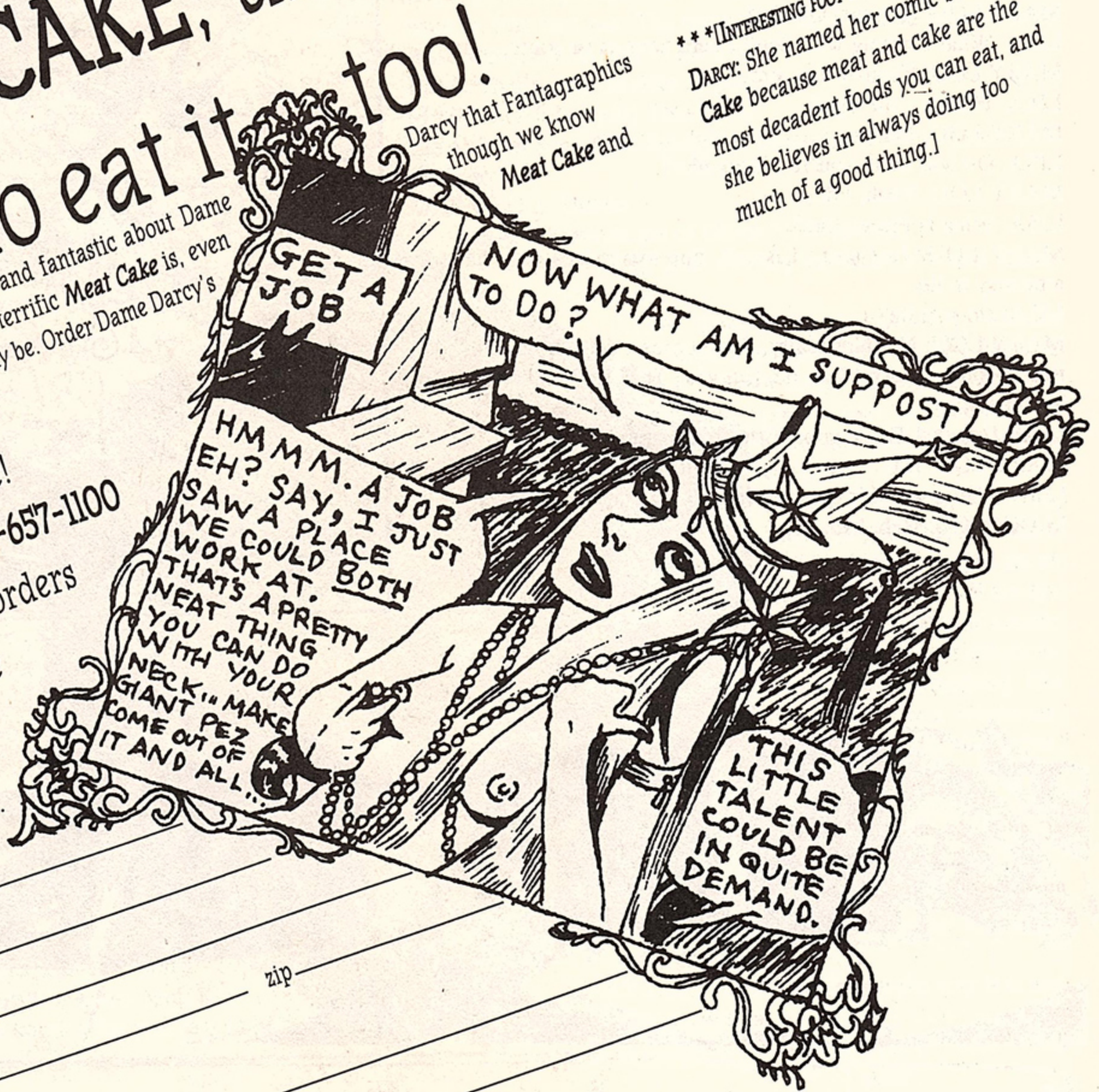
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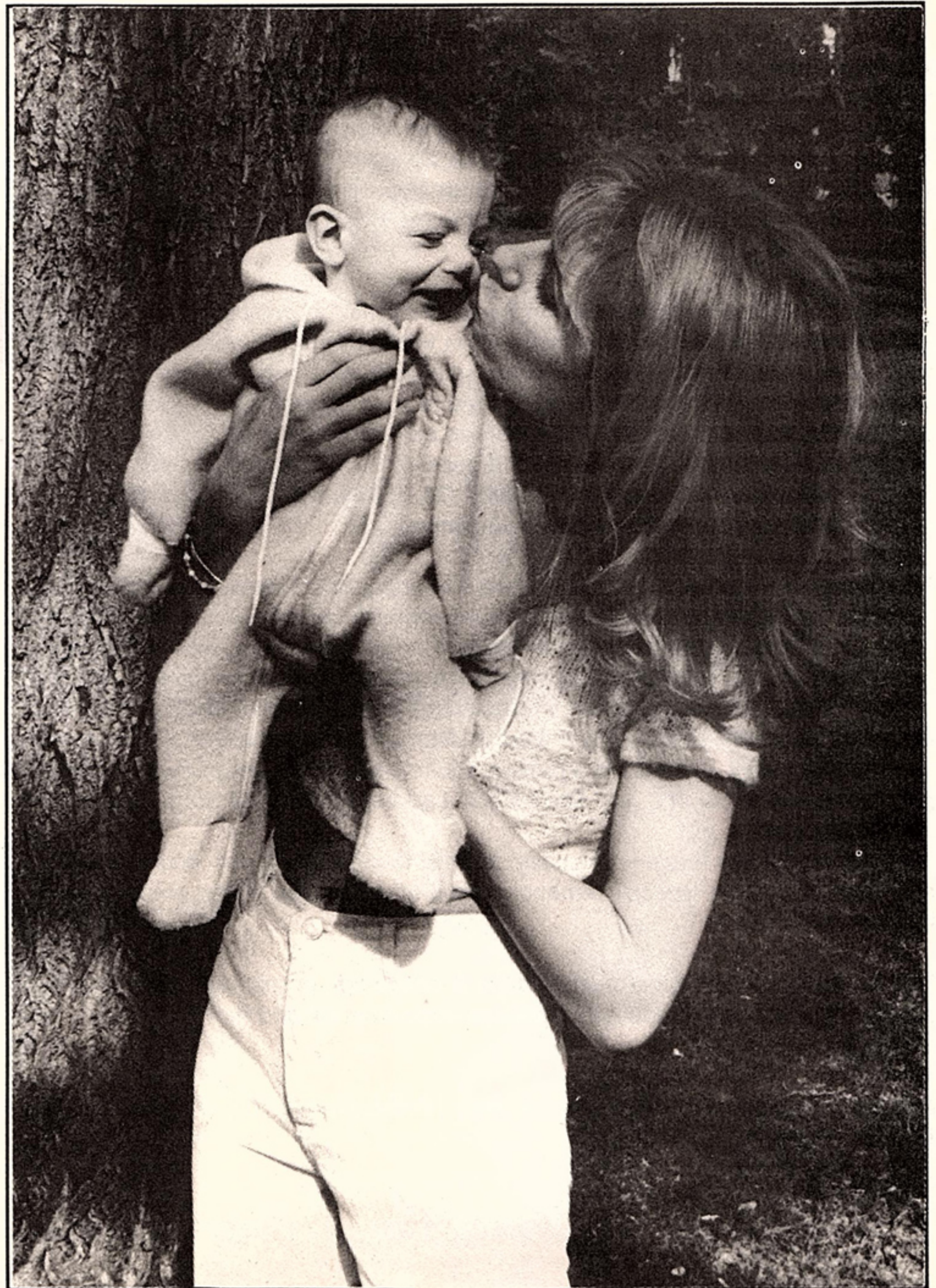
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## FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



# Wolfgang

A person could not ask for a better friend than his or her own six month old baby. Wolfgang laughs at every single one of my jokes, spends a lot of time gazing into my eyes and grabbing my nose, and stops crying when I talk to him. I've never had such an effect on a person before! And I had no idea I would feel so flattered to have someone look like me. It's really fun to have him around because he gets a kick out of everything. He thinks the stove is hilarious. He thinks some old box is completely fascinating. He gets really, really excited--acting like a little wind-mill and making funny noises--at the oddest things, like if I raise my eyebrows at him from across the room. Though he is affectionate, Wolfie is much less physically demonstrative than his peers. He is an intent young man, and would rather look at stuff and figure it out than be held close to a bosom where he can't see or do much. His will power is almost scary. Once he decides he wants to learn something--how to sit up, for instance--nothing will stop him, not even exhaustion; he'll be in tears but still struggling to do whatever it is he feels he must do. He has a sinister little "heh-heh" laugh. I can't believe how much I adore him and never get tired of him. His father is his favorite, but I don't mind--Mr. Wolf still has plenty of love left over for his old mom. It's so strange having a child--you love him so much, and yet your whole purpose as a parent is to teach him to get by without you, to leave you. He will get strong as I get old and weak and die. Somehow that thought pleases me. There is a line in the song "Lullaby" that goes: "I am your yesterday, you are my tomorrow." When I lived in New Hampshire we'd often get hit with the tail end of a hurricane, and I'd go out in it. It was so thrilling to be surrounded by something so much stronger than me. I was swept up in a swirling wildness within and without, and that's what I feel like sometimes when I look at Wolfgang and think of how I got life and then I gave it to him, and what happened between us is part of this great swirling history of life. His future will go on after I am gone, and my past--the things I taught him, the things we did together, the love I gave to him--will live in some secret place inside him.





# VERY PERSONALS

## Answers to "Who Said That?"

Thirtysomething SWM, jaded sometime academic, self-exiled, historian and bibliophile with nocturnal habits and no discernible future, telephone and video junkie, would like to hear from punk/alternative/decadent females 18-28 who value cleverness, creativity, irony, post-everything theories and styles, and the seductions of darkness--for adventures, lust, midnight conversations and flirtations. Do write--Miller, PO Box 504, Zachary LA 70791.

Erect painter needs photographs of cool girls to paint by. In return I'll send you an 11X17 reproduction of you in full color. It's free! Yay! Give me a call if you want lots of sex and kisses. Send your wildest and tamest to Bryan Richardson, 729 N. Vermont St. Apt. 3, Arlington, VA 22203. Phone: 703-527-3551.

Have You Ever Slept with a Famous Man? Please help me! I am writing an article about famous penises. If you have ever slept with a celebrity male (i.e., rock star, movie idol, super jock, govt. bigwig, mass murderer, etc.) send me your story, along with a diagram of your celebrity lover's erect penis. Tell the truth and in return you will receive \$5 and a copy of the magazine article. Editorial Director, Box 763, Lyons, CO 80540

The Ark Spurting Blood foundation needs information pertaining to negative vortex spots in your town/city. This would pertain to locations w/ bad reputations, high death and/or suicide rates, queer reputations, paranormal activity and so on. If used in booklet, credit + \$5 and copy will be given. I need info on obscure places, not widely known areas already researched. Also, stories + photos of local odd-fellows, creeps, lunatic visionaries and paranoid soothsayers. Contact Rich Polysorbate 60, 409 North P.C.H. 106-439#, Redondo Beach, CA 90277. P.S. Will send catalog of tapes and booklets of rants/folklore and my philosophy for 2 stamps.

This is a personal ad. My name is Martina. I'm not quite sure how to handle this. Chris Cook had a personal in one of your past issues, and it was seriously out of joint. He claimed he was slightly fat--he's not fat at all. He's over six feet and lanky. Though he said he was plain, he's cute enough for just about *anything* (though I have no *personal* experience of this). I think of him as a favorite nephew. I can vouch for his wide range of interests and his intellectual abilities. But what I think stands out about him as a male is his ability to be *truly* interested in a female as a person, to be responsive to and curious about what *is* female in a person. Plus he's fun! This may sound like a sales pitch, but believe me, *he* is no used car of a guy! Chris Cook's address: 1907 Old Stage Road, Alexandria VA 22308.

WANTED: Scummy female performance artist to collaborate with scummy Minneapolis experimental noise band. Videos, live performance, etc. For more info: Stuart Records, PO Box 24751, Edina, MN 55424-0751.

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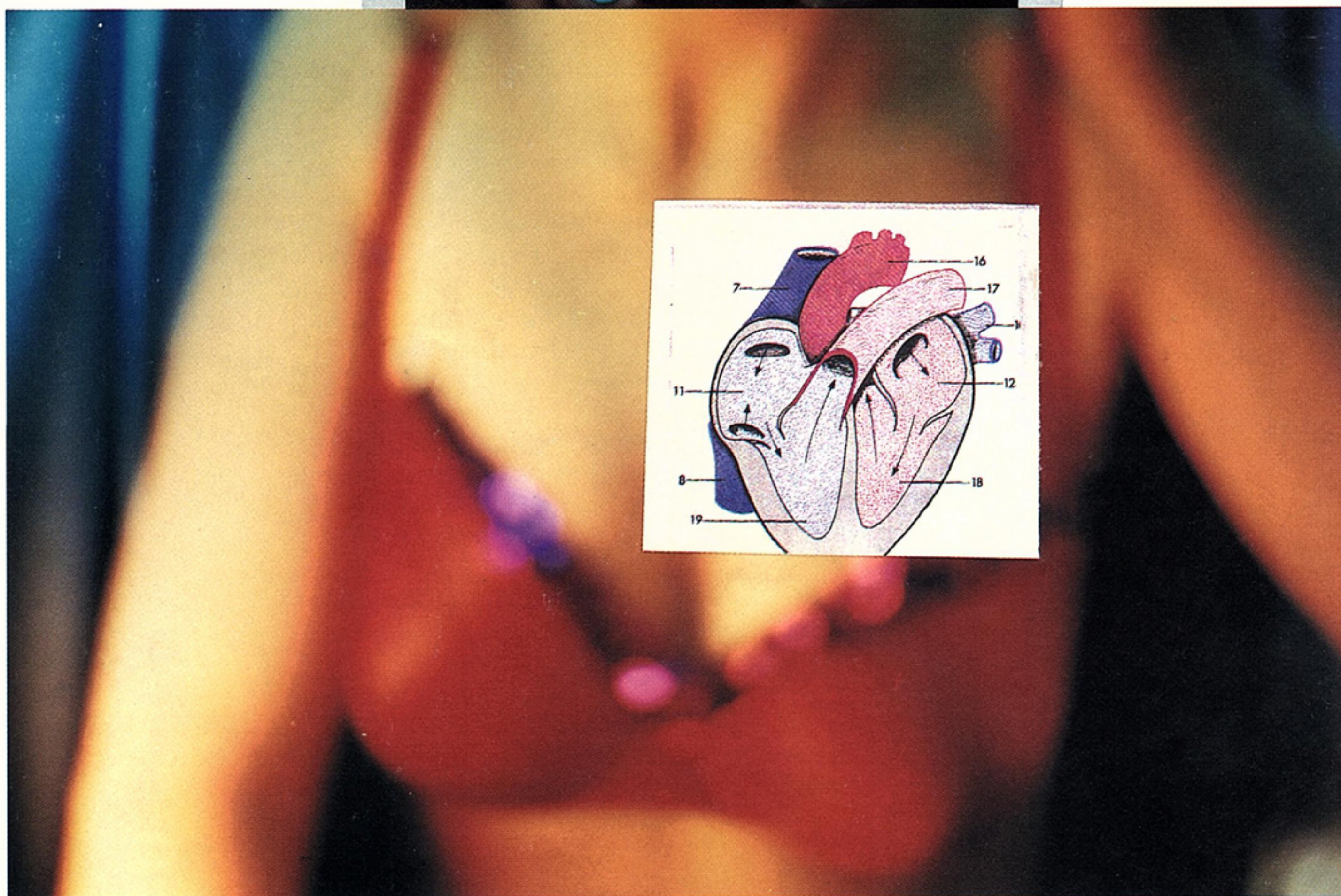
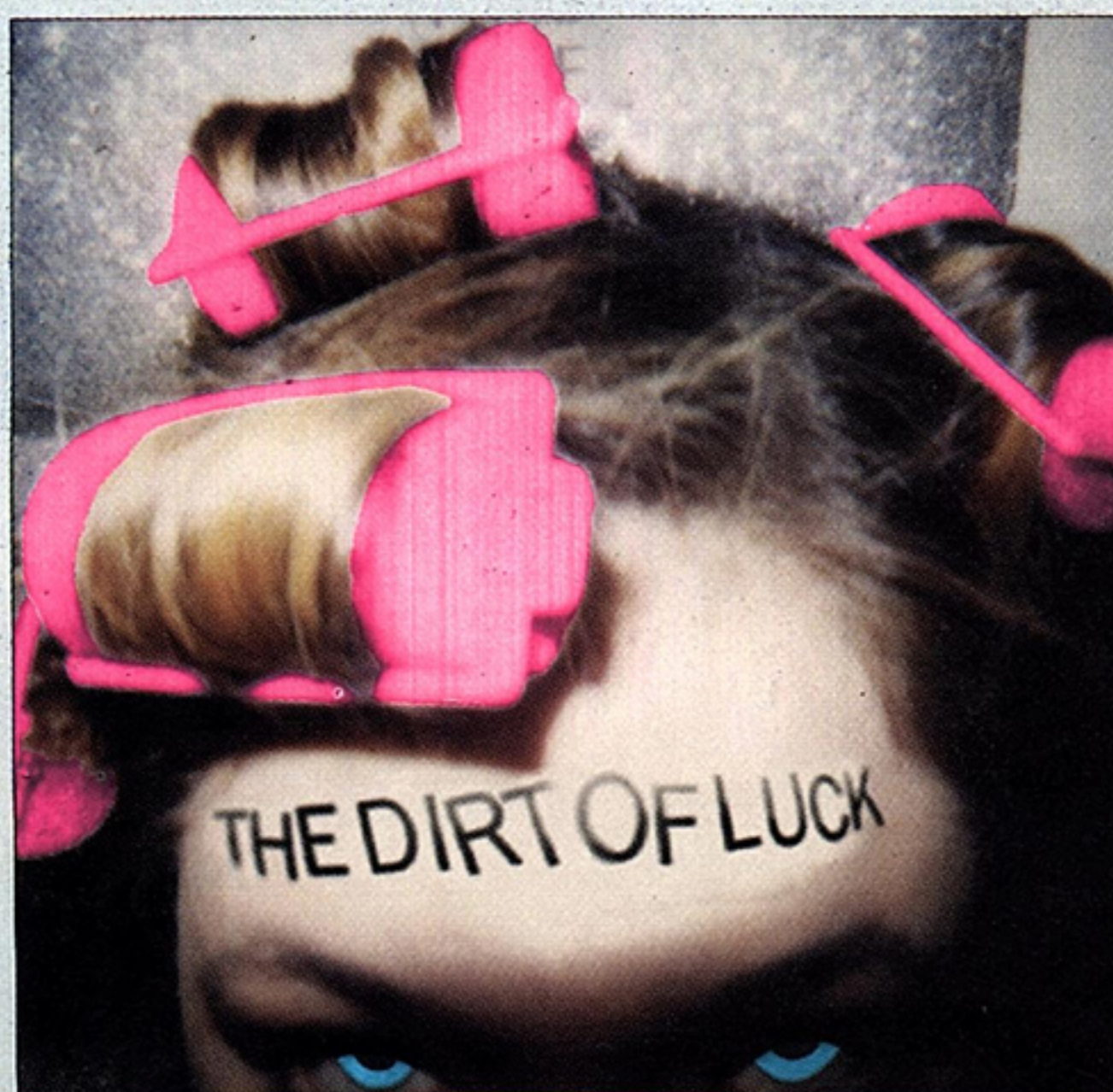


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